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HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JUNE 1975 \$1.50

INTERVIEW:
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CHICAGO'S
PRINCE OF PORN

AL GOLDSTEIN'S
SMUT MACHINE

PROFILE:
PAUL WILLIAMS
MIDGET MAKES GOOD

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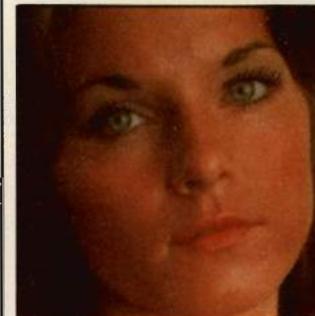
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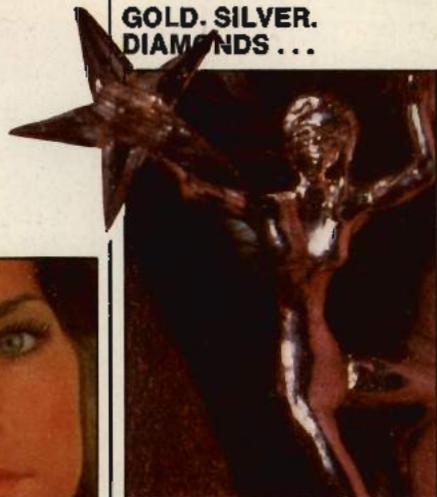
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VOL. 1 NO. 12 JUNE 1975



SHOW & TELL

PAT & BARB SALVO

This fine team of writers returns to HUSTLER with our Paul Williams profile. The Salvos make their home on the west coast, where they're into a number of promotional operations involving writers, performers, and productions. An example of their work with Ellis Nassour, is a good case in point.

ELLIS NASSOUR

Ellis Nassour, says Pat Salvo, mostly 'just drifts around', but makes his home in Los Angeles. Nassour is an accomplished writer and country & western buff, with credits that include three books (one on the making of the film, "Jesus Christ, Superstar"), and published articles in fifty publications including the illustrious and controversial *Rolling Stone*. Nassour makes his debut in HUSTLER with "Al Goldstein's Do-It-Yourself Smut."

FILM FREAKS

Major film critics this month span the nation with **TIM BECKLEY** in New York, **JIM MARTIN** in Chicago and **KEITH HALL** in Santa Ana, California. They have each reviewed for major newspapers in their respective cities, and have appeared in other national publications. We think it's a variety of views and opinions you'll find useful.

RON OFFEN

As our roving reporter, Ron seems to unroot the best of Chicago's dirt . . . This time he's given HUSTLER a candid interview with Weird Harold, Chicago's Prince of Porn, and a few small insights into the Windy City's Fosdick of Vice.

WILLIAM GARVIN

A writer for almost three decades and a one-time staffer for *Woman's Day* and *Seventeen*, Bill's humorous article, "Final Exam," is a far cry from his previous scene. He has been published in most all major magazines including *Mad* and the now defunct *LOOK*, and is presently working on his fourth novel.

JASON MARCELLO

The author and well-hung hero of this month's *KINKY KORNER* is another enthusiastic reader spurred to share his kinky sexual experiences with other people. We know you have yours. Now, heeere's Jason's.

RICHARD CROWNOVER

A pen name for a well-known author of sex theory and information, Richard compiled this new feature at HUSTLER's request. World-traveler, professor, lecturer and free-lance writer, our Sexbits editor gives you the latest in worldwide tidbits of sexual importance.

HUSTLER
"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

Larry Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

Jimmy R. Flynt
CO-PUBLISHER

Michael R. Foldes
MANAGING EDITOR

Karen A. Paschke
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Rick McMillen
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR

Bob Flora
ART DIRECTOR

Pat Garling
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

Wendell Gunlock
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Lois Bruckman
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR

Greg MacKenzie
PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR

Althea Leisure
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER

Frank Dillon
CONTROLLER

M.J. "Bud" Gallo
NATIONAL SALES DIRECTOR

Alan Berrent
CONSULTANT

Joe Sokol
NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE

Dilo, Inc.
114 E. 32 St.
New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 686-9050

Contributors: Tim Beckley, D. R. Buller, Charles Fracchia, Noel Kilgen, Jim Martin, Ron Offen

Contributing Photographers:
Valerie Brown, Tony Curran, Quicksilver

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Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Columbus, Ohio and at additional locations.

HUSTLER MAY 1975 VOLUME 1 NUMBER 11.
Published monthly by Hustler Magazine Inc.,
36 W. Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Subscriptions: \$15.00 for one year. \$18 Canada.

ATTENTION MAGAZINE RETAIL DEALERS

The Capital Distributing Company has made available to all retail dealers a display promotional allowance plan under the terms of which any participating retail dealer can earn an allowance of ten (10%) percent of cover price per sold copy of HUSTLER MAGAZINE. Full details and copies of agreements for signature by participating retail dealers are available by writing to Circulation Manager, The Capital Distributing Company, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. 06418. Allowances become effective with the next issue received for distribution following receipt of signed agreements and written acceptance by The Capital Distributing Company. This offer applies only in USA, its possessions and Canada.

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



LARRY FLYNT

LEGALIZE PROSTITUTION

A few years ago a small group of concerned congressmen, alarmed about the epidemic proportions of venereal disease and the increase in criminal sexual activity, seriously considered introducing a Bill into Congress that would legalize and control prostitution. In turn, states that chose to model their own laws governing the profession and the practice of prostitution would do so under the auspices and subsidy of the Federal Government.

It makes good sense to us that prostitution be legalized in the United States. We hope that in the near future serious attention will be given to drafting legislation to that end. Prostitution is a billion dollar a year business in America, and since the government has no way of regulating illegal activities, there is no way the IRS can collect taxes, or other revenues, from prostitution. The

taxes would be substantial enough to help finance medical research and development activities, inner-city housing and recreational facilities, and even sex education programs designed to prevent the spread of venereal diseases while eliminating many of the questions youth has about sex in a guarded society.

If we really want to do something effective about the increasing number of sex crimes, and crimes committed while the victims are turning a trick, we would do well to follow the examples of countries where prostitution has become an accepted and legal way of life. You know, we know, and the government knows that prostitution will not be eliminated by police repression and suppression. Nor do we believe that prostitutes should be subject to the seasonal whims of politicians, or the domination and

harassment of pimps whose duty it is to protect them from hostile customers and the law.

Prostitution has managed to survive all the debacles of history including war, famine, pestilence and oppression. It is not going to die out in the 20th Century. It is time we recognize this and the fact that much good can come from legalizing prostitution — including a more open, educated and even enlightened society.

I think America can do it.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER

ARE YOU A G

THE WORLD'S GR

presiding judges



larry flynt

Publisher of *Hustler Magazine*.



**samantha
mcclaren**

Star of the new smash hit movie "Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander" and self-acclaimed expert on sexual fetishes.



al goldstein

Editor of *Screw Newspaper*, one of the world's raciest sex tabloids, and connoisseur of delectable women. Al was *Playboy's* exclusive interview in their October 1974 issue.

**jody
maxwell**

Star of Damiano's new release "Portrait" and considered to be the world's greatest fellatio artist. She can actually sing while performing her art.



jerry damiano

Considered to be the world's greatest porn producer. He produced and directed "Deep Throat," "Memories Within Miss Aggie," "Portrait" and many others.



**honeysuckle
devine**

Burlesque queen by trade and a regular *Screw* contributor. Honeysuckle is known worldwide for her expertise in fellatio.



GREAT LOVER?

GREATEST? PROVE IT!!!



harry
reems

A proven actor and foremost porno superstar and "stud." Reems has appeared in over 400 X-rated movies and made love to hundreds of women.

Hustler Magazine has taken an unprecedented step in launching a contest to discover the **WORLD'S GREATEST MALE LOVER** and we feel it is about time he receive credit for his talent, whoever he might be. There have been many contests involving every activity conceivable, but we feel this is one category that has been overlooked.

We know who the Don Juan of yesterday was, but we don't know who the Don Juan of today is. Hopefully, upon completion of this contest, we will have discovered the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** which should be of considerable interest to all people.

This contest will be based on two applications: one to be filled out by your wife, mistress or lover and one by you.

Six male finalists will be chosen; these six individuals will participate in final activities which will test their "lover" ability. The six main areas of judging (on a scale from 1 to 10) will be:

- a. Personal Appearance
- b. Personality
- c. Foreplay
- d. Oral Sex
- e. Stamina
- f. Intercourse Technique

How can you benefit from the contest?

The winner will be awarded:

1. an exclusive interview in *HUSTLER*.
2. a one-week all-expense paid vacation in Acapulco with the *HUSTLER Honey of the Year* (or any consenting girl of your choice.)
3. an appropriately designed, attractive trophy to add credence to your honor.

Presiding Judges: Judges will not be misinterpreted as participants. Their sole purpose will be to preside over the final activities and insure strict compliance with the rules and regulations governing the contest.

Employees of *Hustler Magazine* and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

Send in the coupon today and enter your application immediately. Only serious minded individuals need apply.

All entries must be received in our home office no later than June 15, 1975.

HUSTLER

HUSTLER MAGAZINE • 36 West Gay Street • Columbus, Ohio • 43215
Please send additional information and application to enter the
WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER contest.

I am over 18 years of age.

JUNE

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FEEDBACK

Stark Reality

For many years I was of the opinion that letters to the editor were totally fictitious and composed by the editors themselves. Because of this belief, I have never corresponded with editors of periodicals. Congratulations! Your December 1974 issue of HUSTLER completely confirmed that opinion. To support my position, I refer you to the letter (Advise & Consent) from "Name Withheld, Springfield, Ill." It puzzles me as to why a lady who was brought up to believe that "to take care of him (her husband) with my mouth or hand . . . is a sin," would ever peruse your profane and sin-filled magazine in the first place. Even more perplexing is why such a puritanical, God-fearing woman would then request your perverted, twisted, sex-oriented advice. Don't get me wrong, I am a college educated, professional person who may look upon your advice as being sexually deranged, but who nevertheless eagerly awaits your every issue. Especially enjoyable to me are your rude snatch shots. For instance, your artistic photo of the vast hole on Page 65 (in the same issue), which is rivaled only by my vacation photo of the Grand Canyon, is infinitely exciting and sexually stimulating to me. Because of my belief that all authentic correspondence to the editors is rigorously censored and altered to reflect only the views of the publishers themselves, I don't believe this letter will ever reach print. It would be refreshing, however, to be proven wrong.

Jack Mieauf

Indianapolis, Ind.

(If you still have your doubts, just look at the pictures. Remember, an open pussy may lie, but we wouldn't kid you!)

Natural is Beautiful

I read an article by Michael Fitzpatrick called "Penis, Buttocks and Jelly." It concerned cosmetics and their dangers, both physiologically and financially. Whatever happened to the "good ole' days" when artificial smells and tastes weren't necessary? Why are we so offended by honest odors like that of raw sex? We are really an affected

society. At least HUSTLER'S girl features take some of the fake prettiness out of the girlie magazine market. Girls are pretty enough when they're naked and natural.

Richard Huffmon
Topeka, Kan.

(Everybody has his or her own bag. We produce diversified subjects to appeal to all readers.)

Snapper Freaks

I really enjoyed your January issue with the Chuck Traynor interview, the cartoon feature "Honey" and the story "From a Green Wicker Chair." I am currently getting turned on by Anne of a Thousand Knights, especially the rear pussy shots. Let's have more of them along with more shaved pussies.

Will Stuart
Dayton, O.

(Between January and this issue, you've seen enough rear pussy shots to send a dog into ecstasy. You keep watching and we'll keep 'em coming!)



My girlfriend, Sandy, and I read HUSTLER every month and we both enjoy it very much. In the December issue, there was a letter by Sam Rickeis who complimented your magazine and suggested you use more pictures of girls in garter belts and black stock-

ings. We agree with him 100 percent and hope you will consider the suggestion. We know from personal experience how it turns us on and think that a lot more people like it, too.

Bill Jackson
Oyster Bay, N.Y.

(We have received an abundance of mail in favor of our girls featured in garter belts and black stockings and we'll continue to present similar attractions in future issues.)

What happened to the stockings and garters that distinguished your first few issues? The stocking motif set HUSTLER far above the rest with a distinct erotic image. Lately you've gotten away from this and I think it's hurting your popularity. Please return to this erotic domain.

Ben Crawford
Springfield, Ore.

(Anything can be overdone. Be patient and roll with the tide. HUSTLER will hit every erotic and popular area, as it has always done in the past.)

Forget about the fiction, non-fiction and other gingerbread. Just do what you do best—photograph naked broads.

Anthony Taylor
Naples, Fla.

(A rather narrow point of view. We feel HUSTLER is a little more than a "one-handed" magazine.)

Bravo

My wife and I think you have some fabulous cartoons in HUSTLER. My reading order goes like this: scan the girls; read the cartoons; study the girls; check the interview; absorb the girls; read the stories; devour the girls; complete the reading material; fantasize about the girls—and then I take my wife to bed and perform wonderful feats of sexual prowess upon her body. But you see, without the cartoons, my order would be immediately destroyed and my wife, sensing the disruption, would not be happy. Thanks for keeping us both happy.

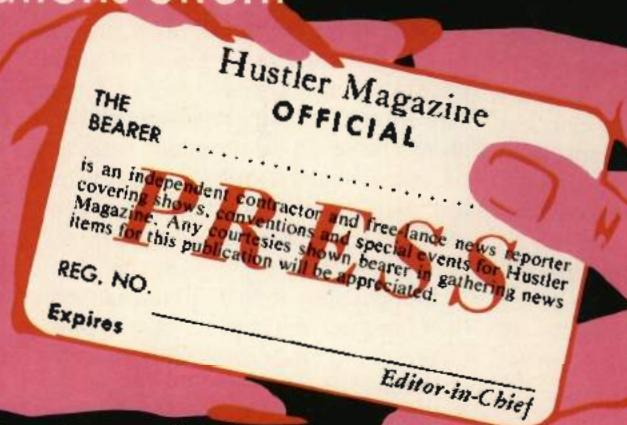
Frank Jarrad
Pennsauken, N.J.

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Be our special guest whenever you visit one of the Hustler Clubs. Plus you will be playing an integral part in our world Public Relations effort.



EDITOR'S NOTE

Our Publisher, Larry Flynt, would like to offer an unusual opportunity to avid readers and subscribers of HUSTLER. Mr. Flynt feels that You should be given more consideration, so he is making it possible for staunch supporters to obtain an official Press Pass, authorized by him, personally. To become a holder of one of these prestigious cards, just demonstrate your loyalty and support by signing up three new subscribers. Within 10 days of the receipt of these subscription orders, you will receive your official HUSTLER Press Pass.

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JUNE

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I have to ride crowded buses to work and back, and sometimes I press my hard cock against women until I come. Is there anything wrong with this?

Name Withheld
by Request
Atlanta, Ga.

This isn't a recommended practice, but as long as you aren't bothering or annoying any of the women you "press" against, you shouldn't feel guilty about doing something wrong. It seems as good a way as any to make a crowded bus ride more pleasant.

I was wondering if there's anything I can do to increase sexual pleasure. Aren't there methods of causing the sensations to become stronger?

Larry Yarborough
Tuscon, Ariz.

Sexual pleasure is caused by the nerve endings in the penis and clitoris. The more these nerve endings are stimulated, the stronger the pleasure becomes.

Many people report that sex gets much better for them after doing yoga exercises on a regular basis, and it's interesting to note in this respect that yogis say the main reason for doing yoga is to increase nerve force and to strengthen the nervous energy in the body. Presumably, if the nerve force is increased and the nervous energy strengthened, the natural result will be more pleasure in the nerve endings of the penis and the clitoris. So, you might take up yoga as an experiment to see what happens.

Also, the extent of experiencing pleasure is greatly determined by one's ability to concentrate on that pleasure. For example, tickle yourself lightly on your arm while thinking about something else, and then compare that to tickling yourself in the same way while concentrating on the sensation you're feeling. Your enjoyment of the pleasure should increase substantially.

In the same way, make sure to concentrate on all the sensations during sex. It's possible to miss out on much of the pleasure simply by thinking about something else while it's going on, especially if you get too wrapped up in fantasies. By doing this, you're no longer concentrating on the pleasure you're actually feeling.

I live in an old, rundown apartment building where there are a lot of single people, and couples living together. Two women in their early twenties, who always seemed like normal everyday people, live next door to me. For the last few weekends, though, they've been throwing some pretty wild parties and apparently there is a lot of sexual activity that goes on. In fact, from what I can hear through my walls, there's practically an orgy every weekend. Now, my question is how can I get invited to these parties without it sounding like I just want to edge in on some easy sex. These two girls don't seem like the type to throw such parties, but since they are I'd like to get in on them.

Name Withheld
by Request
Miami, Fla.

It could be that since you think these two chicks are not the "type" to throw such parties, they may also think you are not the "type" to invite. Our society has become divided in a very misleading way; we think there are certain "types" who do certain things, and certain "types" who don't. Actually, when you get right down to it, no one is the "type" to do or not do anything.

All you should do to get invited to one of your neighbors' parties is simply let them know in a casual way that you're interested. Honestly tell them that since you have to listen, you may as well participate. Offer to bring something to drink. Most likely they'll be happy to hear you're interested, and will be glad to have another stud on the premises.

WANT TO SEE US AGAIN???

So you missed our first exciting issues at your local newsstands. Don't fret because now you can get any or all of the back issues. Just fill in the coupon and send with a check or money order.



JUNE
TO: HUSTLER MAGAZINE
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COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215

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ADVISE & CONSENT

The other day I took my girl out to my cabin in the woods, but all she wanted to do was fuck! She wanted to fuck on top of the cabin, under the cabin, in the pond, under a tree and on top of the car! I never saw her go so sex-crazy before. Then, after we got back to the city, she was almost embarrassed about what we'd done. She's never wanted to talk about it since then, and she's never wanted to go back to the woods with me. Do you have any explanations?

Bill Nichols
Tulsa, Okla.

A lot of women have fantasies about screwing in strange places, especially outdoors, surrounded by nature. When your girl finally got the chance to do it out in the open she probably got a little carried away with herself. Now that her lust has died down, she's embarrassed about how eager she was. Instead of questioning her about it, just talk about how great it was. When she finally feels that she hasn't done anything weird or perverted, she may be ready to go back to the woods for more.

I have a strange problem. The window to my bedroom is almost directly facing the window of a girl about 20 years old, who is really stacked. She is some babe, let me tell you. She never closes her curtains, so I always watched her undress and she always acted like she didn't notice. Well, now she has started sitting by her window and staring into my room. She's always watching me, and it's gotten to the point where I don't have any privacy at all. I'm not sure what she wants. Is she doing this to get back at me for all the times I've watched her?

Ken Stevens
New Orleans, La.

All's fair in love and peeping, as they say. Obviously your neighbor enjoyed showing you her wares, and now maybe she's interested in seeing what you have to offer. Most women find it pleasurable to be seen naked by men, just as men find it pleasurable to watch them. Well, women also enjoy seeing naked men, and if you'd stop being so uptight about this turn of events, you'd probably get a great deal of satisfaction out of showing her what you've got.

Everyone of both sexes has some degree of exhibitionism and voyeurism in them. Don't be ashamed of it or em-

barrassed by it. She obviously wants you to put on a show for her just as she put on one on for you. Go ahead. A favorite sight for women is a man standing with an erection. Don't be shy. Besides, if you didn't really secretly want to, you'd have just pulled your blinds and forgotten the whole matter.

My problem is that my penis is too small. I've measured and compared it with some things I've read about average lengths, and mine just doesn't measure up. Is there anything I can do?

A. B. Robinson
Los Angeles, Calif.

The best thing in the world you can do is stop worrying about it. Forget it. Your dong isn't going to be too small unless you think it is.

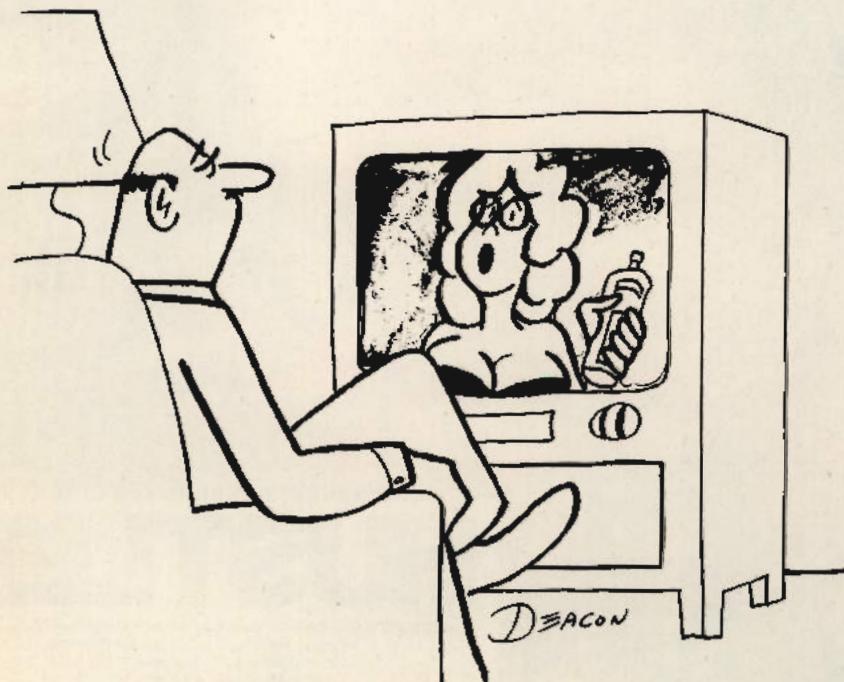
Stop comparing. Stop believing everything you read. You probably wouldn't care about the size of your pecker if you hadn't read something about so-called "average lengths" and then measured and compared. Forget all that. It doesn't matter.

It's how you use what you have that counts. A woman can make herself come using only her little pinkie. If she can experience such great joy with her finger, why do you think your penis is too small? If you can get it inside a woman, then it's not too small. Believe me, if it's not big enough to satisfy a woman, you'd need a microscope to see it!

When we fuck, my girl gets so wet that there's a big stain on the bed after we've finished. It feels very good to go inside her, but I wanted to know if it's normal for her to get so wet.

Name Withheld
by Request
Springfield, Oh.

You're lucky to have a girl who has such an abundance of natural lubrication. Of course she's normal. The function of the woman during sex is to have a wet vagina so you can slip in easily. You said yourself how good it feels. You'd be surprised if you knew just how wet some women can get. When she reacts in this way, it means it's very exciting and pleasurable to her, which means you're doing a good job as a lover. She's also letting you know she's enjoying every second of it!



"I forgot to use Devlon's Musk Oil today—that's why I didn't get laid tonight."

BITS & PIECES



attention sadists masochists

Our sources tell us that the price of leather is on the inflation skyrocket and expected to double within the next year.

As an example, the price for a cat-o'-nine-tails in New York City was \$37.79 last August. The same cat-o'-nine-tails now retails for \$63.37. Leather clothing is also sky-

rocketing. High, black leather boots with stiletto heels now sell for \$87.50 a pair, up from the summer price of \$53.

The only bright side of the S & M scene is that chains, handcuffs and the like are not expected to rise drastically.

We suggest that the next time you sadists are beating the hell out of your own particular masochist, you think about the high cost of leather for an extra added beating incentive.

FROM ONE PUSSY TO ANOTHER

We were working in the studio with ace model CAM wearing the merry widow prop, when the cat crept in

"on little cats' feet." Not wishing to disturb the natural course of events, we let the cat wander unmaligned across the loft to take a whiff of 'widow's breath'.

Fortunately, our fast fin-

gered female photographer pressed the Nikon shutter release in time to capture the neat sequence of events. We've

only

got room for one of dozens which eventually took the model to orgasm.

So here it is...

If you don't have a cat, try sandpaper. We don't guarantee results.



Photo by Valerie Brown

BITS & PIECES

ANOTHER RACE FOR TEDDY

The Roman Catholic Church is still in the throes of modernization. The latest word from Vatican City is that the Church is considering holding open elections for the office of Pope. It has been proposed that the elections should be similar to our Presi-

dential elections allowing Catholics throughout the world to vote.

In order to run for Pope, the man must be over 40, not married and a Catholic for 10 years. The campaigning will be limited to print only, no radio or television.

According to Senator Teddy Kennedy he will not run for this office either.



World Wide Photos

QUISS WHO'S BACK?

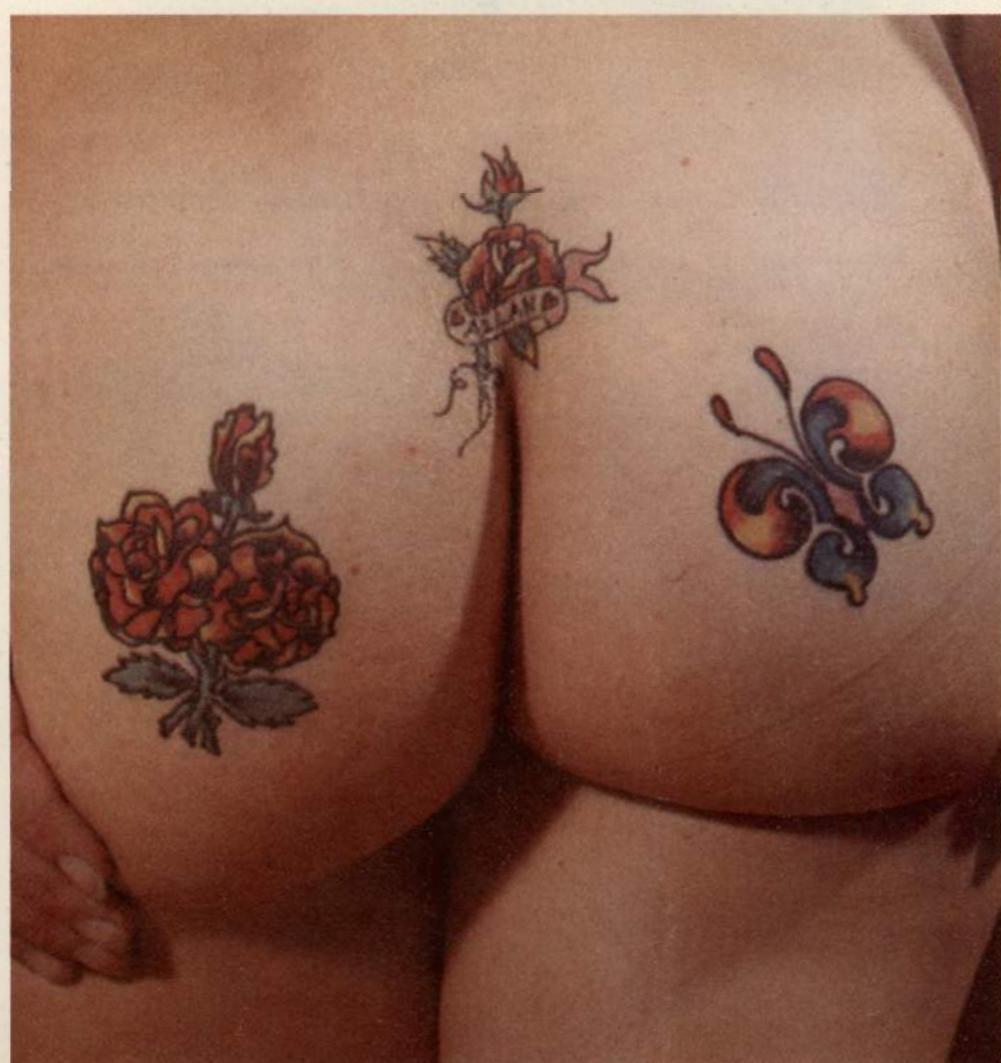
The Tattoo Club of America is back in operation after being defunct for fifteen years.

This unusual club of art collectors has a membership of more than one thousand men and women from all walks of life with tattoos ranging from a single small design to tattoos covering most of the body.

Spider Webb, a tattooist for 17 years who holds a Master's degree in Fine Arts, reorganized the club so that tattoo devotees in America and other countries would be able to communicate with each other.

These walking art galleries exchange and compare ideas and designs at their club's social gatherings and through their newsletter, published periodically by the club and free to all members.

For further information contact Mr. Spider Webb, President of the Tattoo Club of America; 112 W. First Street; Mt. Vernon, New York 10550. Phone: (914) 699-0537.



Photograph by Pete O'Sullivan



Photograph by Valerie Brown

BITS & PIECES

fish fetish, anyone?

You've heard the one about the lady who just lays there during and afterwards . . . like a fish? Well, HUSTLER'S roving photographer wandered into another realm of sexual adventure. What did she find, but this red snapper taking the bait. Could it be the other way around?

A fisherman, maybe, expressing his deepest, most secret passionate concern for those nautical nostrums caught in the nets in the North Atlantic waves.

We think the same guy would have had a foot fetish, had he worked in a shoestore and not on the docks.

KEEP IT UP

As long as everything else is rising, a well known insurance company has introduced a new type of policy. This company, well known for insuring the "uninsurable," has introduced "erection insurance."

In order to get this insurance, the man must be between the ages of 18 and 40. Upon application for the policy the man is examined by a doctor. After he has demonstrated his ability to maintain an erection the policy is granted. The premiums are \$2 per month until the age of 40 when the policy is automatically cancelled. If, during the period, the man consistently fails to achieve an erection, the company pays off to the tune of \$3000.

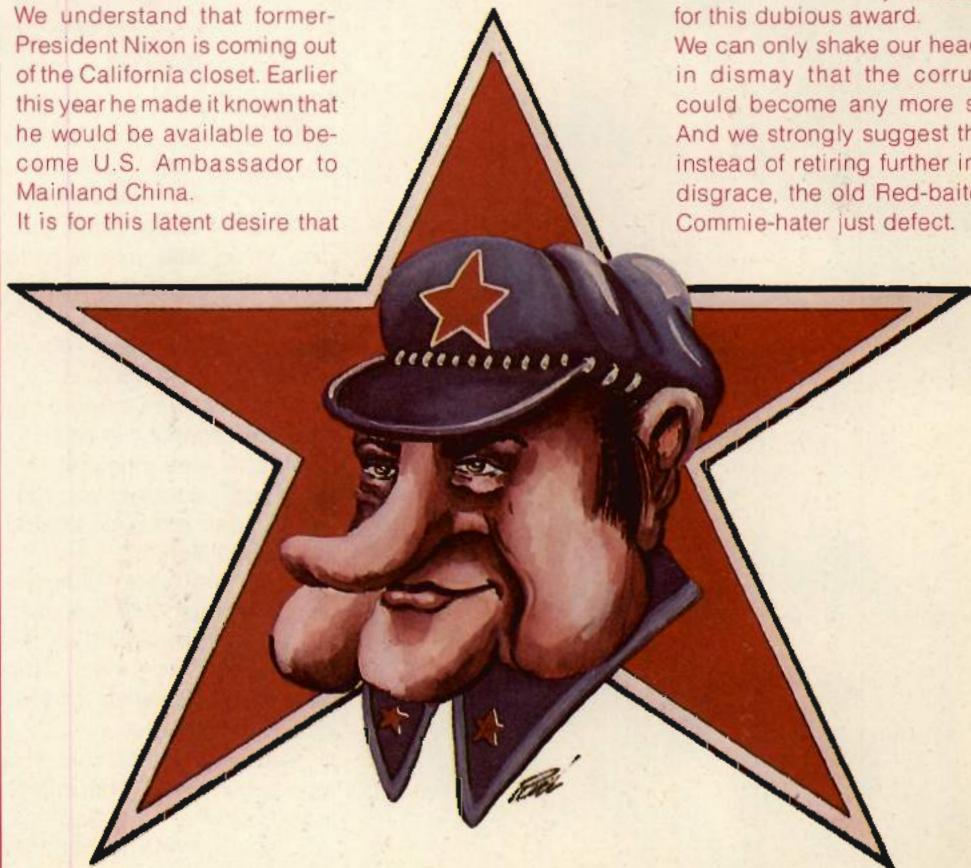
The company reports that this insurance is very popular among newlywed men. When the company says "Keep it up," they aren't kidding.

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

We understand that former-President Nixon is coming out of the California closet. Earlier this year he made it known that he would be available to become U.S. Ambassador to Mainland China.

It is for this latent desire that

he was unanimously selected for this dubious award. We can only shake our heads in dismay that the corrupt could become any more so. And we strongly suggest that instead of retiring further into disgrace, the old Red-baiter, Commie-hater just defect.



BIT'S & PIECES

THE INCREDIBLE COCK RING

Remember the old rubber band trick, where you rolled a rubber band to the base of your cock to keep all the pulsing blood trapped in your rigid rod so your hard-on wouldn't fail you when the going got rough?

Well, there's an accessory on the market almost as ubiquitous, and certainly more glamorous than that brown piece of elastic notorious for

catching stray pubic hairs and cruelly, painfully pulling them out.

It's the cock ring. A sneaky little attachment fits behind your balls lifting them into glorious prominence, while the ring, like all rings, shines handsomely at the base of your cock in any available light. Glorify yourself with the incredible gold cock ring designed by Farrel for Al Bernstein, for just \$85. Girls, it makes a fine gift for *Him*, anytime.



COLOR ME HORNY



Pychologists are always looking for ways to tell you about yourself without asking you. One popular technique has to do with your favorite color. Dr. Raymond Bantam has done research on the color preference and related sexual preferences.

If your favorite color is red you are probably an aggressive lover preferring a variety of sexual positions. You prefer to be in complete control of the situation.

Men who prefer blue are more subdued and romantic. You are the type who enjoys soft lighting, romantic music and a bottle of wine for your sexual happenings.

Yellow indicates that you are a free spirit who enjoys sex mostly in the mornings. You also love the out of doors and it is not uncommon for the yellow-fancier to belong to a nudist camp of some sort.

Green indicates a shy lover. You feel very uncomfortable when the woman becomes the aggressor. When this happens you are inclined to lay back and enjoy it. You are also very conscious of your partner's enjoyment and satisfaction.

Men who prefer orange have a very high sex drive. You are ready anytime and anywhere for an adventurous sexual happening.

If purple is your color then you enjoy oral sex more than anything else. You enjoy both giving and receiving.

Maybe your color is black, white, brown or gray. If that is the case you are a bland lover. The phrase "Slam, Bam, Thank You Ma'am," is an apt description of your sex life.

As one can easily see, if you want to make it with one of the HUSTLER girls, get some color.

END OF THE PLEASURE BOND?

Could it be that the freedom and easiness promoted by the sexual revolution is not so free and easy anymore? Are the bed-hoppers of yesterday now looking for lasting emotional relationships?

According to the new book by Masters and Johnson, "The Pleasure Bond—A New Look at Sexuality and Commitment," the tide seems to be changing.

The main precept is that sex should mean a commitment; "developing a long-range relationship rather than concentrating it all on short-term pampering of the individual self." People are

looking for emotional involvements more now than just simple sex. They are finding that a loving commitment ("love-sex") is truly more satisfying than simple pleasure ("sex-sex").

The famed sexologists have produced this, their third book, in an attempt to explain their position in a no-nonsense, yet non-technical approach. Even though they are "neoconservatives . . . (they are nevertheless) becoming impatient with moralists and simple-minded sexual acrobatics alike."

Unlike their previous books ("Human Sexual Response"

and "Human Sexual Inadequacy"), "The Pleasure Bond" provides almost no sexual instruction, but deals with the common sexual attitudes in America today.

Incidentally, Masters and Johnson aren't anymore. They are both Masters—since 1971.

BITS & PIECES

JUNKIES FACE A BRIGHT FUTURE

Government authorities have predicted that the White Plague threatening the health of American youth will decline sharply this year. We don't think so.

A ban, authorized by the Turkish government per U.S. request, and passed in 1972, has been lifted for the 1974-1975 season.

The Turks are too dependent on poppies for their food, fuel and cattle feed to continue leaving their fields fallow.

Dr. Sten Martens, head of the U. N. Narcotics Division, claims that "the streets of New York will not be flooded with Turkish heroin in 1975."

The Turks have assured that the poppies would not be lanced — a process of knifing the raw opium from the flower when each new crop blossoms — thus helping to guarantee no new product for the illegal traffic in America. Codeine, however, a derivative of the poppy, will still be produced. And complete government control over the crop and its harvesting appears to us to be virtually impossible.

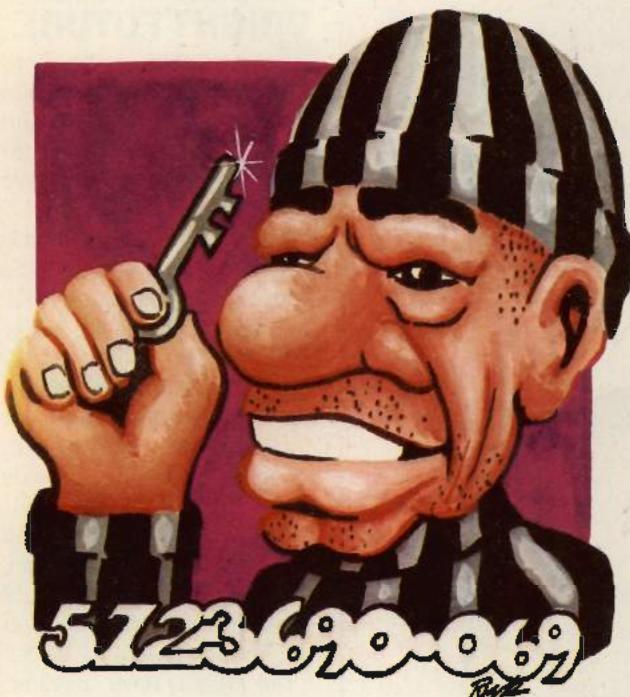
Though Turkey is number two behind India in opium production, Turkish heroin is considered of highest quality and is in greater demand. If the Law of Supply and Demand is in effect this season, the White Plague will not diminish. The precious "nectar" of the poppies will still be available to those who smuggle and to those who buy heroin.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



**SHE'S GOT TITS
LIKE WATERMELONS!**

BITS & PIECES



LONESOME COWBOY

It's only fitting that after thousands of years of domesticating these bovine creatures, man should finally come to terms with them. In this case, a daring farmhand becomes the proper substitute for the long nipple of an udder, and the plastic teat of the formula bucket.

No doubt the calf got the short end of the stick. She got cheated on her daily ration of protein too, and died three days later.

Nonetheless, daredevil routines like this do not deserve to go unmentioned. Whether it's your erotic trick is another question altogether. 



Photograph by Valerie Brown

WILL THE KEY TURN BOTH WAYS?

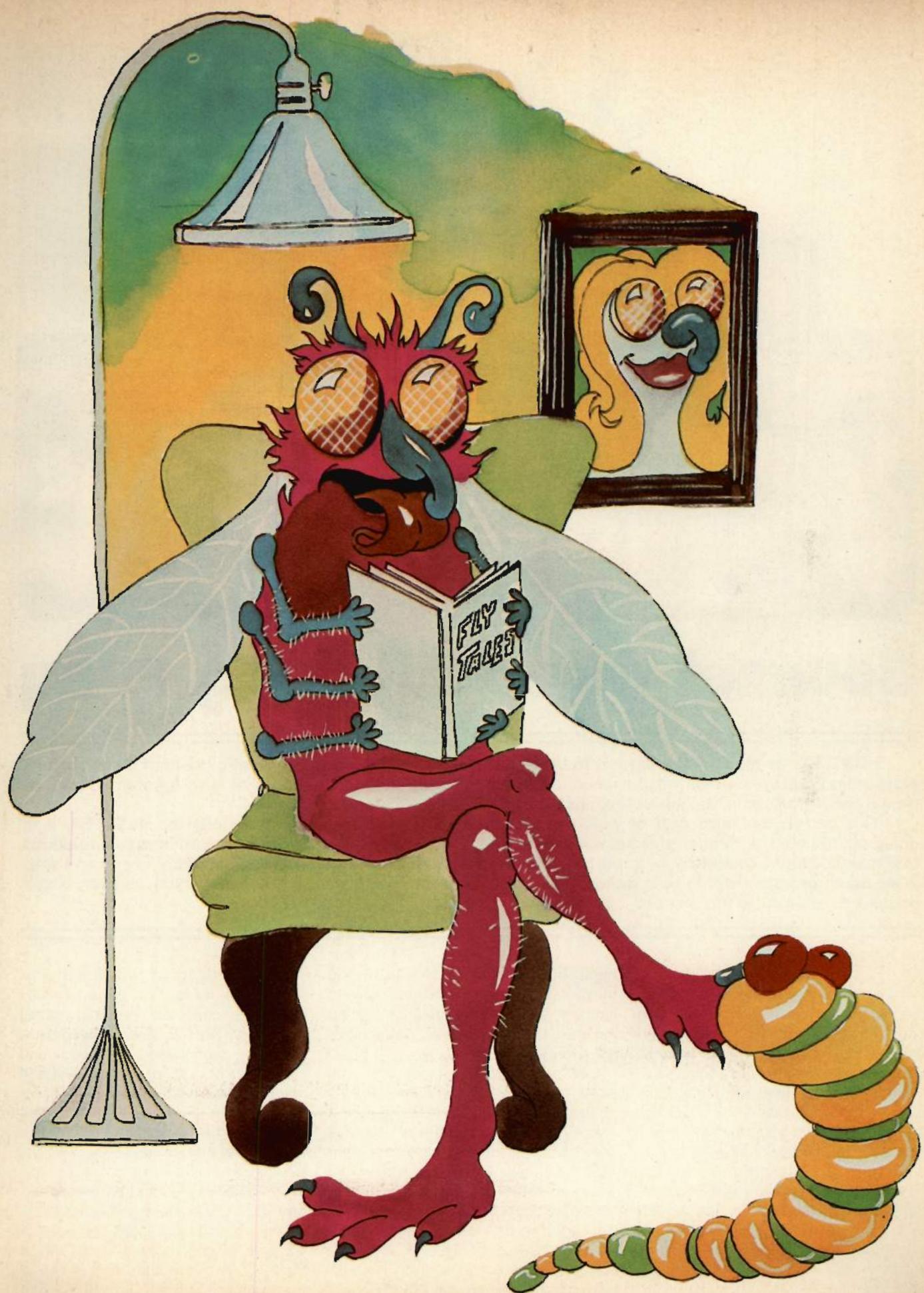
Dayton prosecutor, Lee Falke, has his hands full despite his judicial immunity to a civil suit filed by James Morrow. Morrow believes his civil rights were violated in a case that goes back five years. He claims he was framed on a forgery charge; that exonerating evidence was suppressed; that he was threatened with physical violence when he proceeded to gain access to prison law libraries; that he was denied full use of prison libraries during his stays at four Ohio correctional institutions.

Morrow's original suit was filed against 43 individuals and parties he believed were responsible for his incarceration. A Federal judge gave 27 of them judicial immunity to Morrow's prosecution. The other eight, including Dayton's police chief and the Dayton sheriff, are still under the court's gun — set to go off in June. Falke, among those granted immunity, became the target of another

motion filed on plaintiff's behalf (by himself), to be removed from office for unethical and immoral acts committed while holding public office.

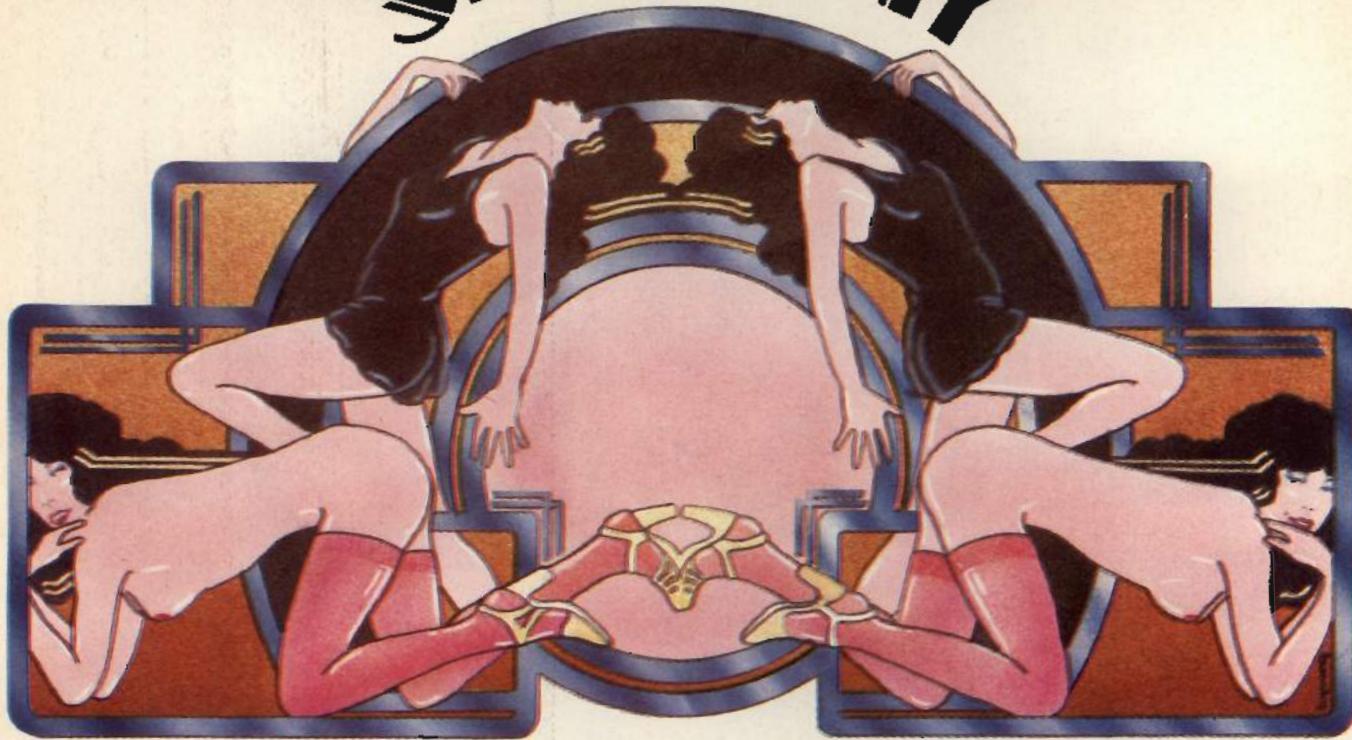
Morrow, a high school dropout, was released from prison when his case was reversed after 28 months in jail. He is self-educated in the law, and claims to know his case inside-out. In what may be the "Dayton Watergate," Morrow is trying to beat the system by playing the rules. "It's almost impossible," he says. "Guys in the joint stop trying. The ACLU in Dayton wouldn't hear me. And that made the course I had to follow all the more clear. If I win, it will make justice a little easier to come by for all the guys who have been screwed, or are going to get screwed, by lawyers and cops who go around screaming, 'We've got to stop crime,' while they're committing illegal acts."

HUSTLER will be keeping close tabs on the case.



"Somebody's been eating my shit, cried the baby fly."

SEX PLAY



Gourmet Guide to Eating Pussy

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This series, the third part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his women the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that makes every experience an important one and keeps her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by Mike Roberts

Eating pussy. Some men like it; some men don't. For millions of women, the gratifications of cunnilingus are equal, if not superior, to any other form of sexual stimulation they are going to experience during sex play with the accomplished Hustler. It is therefore important that any inhibitions you may have about eating pussy are done away with; that any myths about going down are exposed; and that once you have acquired the taste, you master the techniques that will make you proficient in this art. It is the wise man whose knowledge of women leads him to make one lover after another come to the touch of his

hand, his cock or his tongue. Eating pussy is almost certainly the way to insure that the woman you are sharing the pleasures of sex with will achieve many orgasms with you.

Sex for pleasure has been a difficult pursuit for thousands of years because of the adverse nature of attitudes and laws governing its practice. Various societies from the Hittites to our own, have discriminated against those who would as soon take their pleasure in sex as in alcohol or gambling. Not only were adultery and fornication ruled out; but also sex with animals, sex involving oral-genital contact, and even sex with the female during her menstrual cycle.

A long history of oppression has forced our society to be a sexually backward one. We repress normal sexual impulses for fear of recrimination. Our dependency on church and state for education, recreation and leadership have led us along the same narrow paths as those who preceded us on "the great sexual adventure." But the playground is a startlingly new one. Now, more than ever before, we refuse to be inhibited in our spontaneous expressions of sexual amiability. We fuck in the myriad positions our Eastern brothers have preserved for us in the Hindu *Kama Sutra*, the book of sexual practices or the Hindu Art of Love. We

rediscover the *Perfumed Garden of Islam*. We reawaken senses and desires extinguished centuries ago by our Puritan forefathers.

Based on our history and what we have been taught is righteous, it is not unusual for a young man to believe that eating pussy is nefarious, unclean or unnatural. Likewise, it is common for young girls to abhor the thought of sucking a cock. These are phobias which take gentle and certain instruction to overcome. Societal norms and established church traditions have instructed us to believe expressive sex is wrong. Yet there seems nothing more appropriate in lovemaking than eating pussy.

Contemporary men and women are making significant breaks with custom. Age old concepts are being ignored or forgotten because they no longer really apply. We are after the mystery. We will not let someone else dictate to us, or discover the key for himself when he (or she) is telling us we cannot.

Laws against forms of sexual behavior including cunnilingus are undergoing revision in many states. The American sexual awareness is expanding. Though in some states it is still illegal to perform oral sex (under statutes dealing with sodomy), these laws are seldom enforced unless there are unusual or criminal circumstances surrounding performance of the act, as with a minor, or on a non-consenting adult.

Cunnilingus, as has been proved with the rediscovery of the *Kama Sutra* and other works of art, is a natural and ancient part of loving. Its representation in the earliest and most primitive examples of erotic art that have been discovered in China, Oceania and Africa, leads one to believe oral sex only departed our civilization for a few centuries. There is little doubt in the minds of historians and anthropologists that eating pussy held an esteemed position in the eyes of ancients.

If you are worried about health hazards associated with eating pussy, there are few. Regular personal hygiene makes a great difference as to whether going down on a chick will be a pleasurable sexual experience for the parties involved. If you have bathed yourself and your lover, if she has douched and has been with no one else before you, she should be natural and pleasant to the taste and smell. A sweet, sensuous odor will flow from inside her on the waves of her excitement as you stimulate her.

You might suggest to her that she use one of several flavored douches available over-the-counter at drugstores and cosmetic counters. Raspberry, strawberry and champagne are but a few of the many sold almost everywhere.

The vaginal area is clean and generally free of contamination which would cause odor or bad taste. Your mouth, tongue and saliva will contain more bacterial or toxic agents than are already present in her pussy. So if you have followed the procedures which make for excellent sex play, there should be no reason to be inhibited

that the tongue should be used to lick the clitoris.

There are several techniques one must learn to truly know how to eat a cunt. Women are uniquely different in their responses to pressure and touch to various areas of their bodies. Almost all of them like to be eaten. Many of them like to be eaten in different ways. If you go down on a woman who likes to be chewed and sucked as opposed to being licked, do not necessarily perform likewise on another woman and expect the same reaction. Pay attention to her responses, until you have determined what turns her on the most. Do not be anxious. Listen to her cries, to her whispers. These are her instructions. You will feel her as she begins to react to the touches you place on her body.

Let's say you are making love to a woman you have known for some time. You have moved from the bath to the bedroom, or to another suitable place to continue with your sex play. She has already come to the touch of your fingers, but her passions are far from being spent. You know she is wet because she has just had an orgasm and you can feel her moistness. You are kissing her eyes, mouth, ears, throat, and caressing the length of her body with your hands. She is reaching between your legs to feel your cock; to discover if it is hard and to pull it into her.

You begin to move downwards across her body, kissing and touching all parts of her as if each is as precious as the amazing clit which has just been rubbed red to orgasm. You are kissing and biting her nipples, her breasts, and are moving down the length of her stomach to her navel. You kiss below the navel and move into the shadow of hair which covers her beautiful cunt with a heart-shaped V. You kiss her warmly as she continues undulating with the passing of her climax.

Suddenly she becomes aware of herself as you come closer to kissing her cunt. She pulls at your shoulders and at your head, as if to draw you back to her lips to kiss you.

Actually, she is inhibited about having you eat her . . . she is uncertain of how she smells, how she tastes, and she is embarrassed by the differences in your genitalia and hers. All the teaching she has had since childhood comes back to her now. She is afraid.

It is up to you to set your lover's mind at ease. If she expresses displeasure or surprise at what you are doing, if she

Move your tongue in a circular motion to push back the folds of skin which hide and protect (the clit.)

about going down on any woman.

It is wise to remember that fucking a chick in the ass and then balling her can cause serious infection in her vagina. The diseases are several, and the discharge resulting from one or more of them may cause odor or a change in taste of body fluids. We are not against anal sex, but there are certain things one should keep in mind to heighten the pleasures of sex, without causing the women in your life unnecessary discomforts.

If you do not already know the pleasures of eating pussy, don't be surprised if it also becomes a source of satisfaction in your life. The erogenous zones of the body are not limited to the genitals. They are spread over the entire body and can be developed to deliver as much sensual pleasure as one desires. (Evidence: Deep Throat.)

The mouth, tongue and throat are among the first erogenous zones we discover. As children, we learn that the mouth is used for sucking our mothers' milk, as well as for kissing. Later, we learn that the tongue is used in French kissing. The mouth becomes an organ of sex usually long before we engage in intercourse. It is not strange then,

does not know the pleasures you are about to give to her, explain to her that you enjoy doing this. That it will surely be good for both of you as she comes alive with pleasure. If she has not been eaten before, tell her the satisfactions are among the finest she will ever know. Tell her you know she is clean. That you like the way she smells and tastes.

Move firmly and gently, until you are able to feel with your lips and tongue the swollen pearl which is her clitoris, and manipulate it smoothly. Move your tongue in a circular motion to push back the folds of skin which hide and protect it. Massage the areas around her clit with your tongue and with kisses.

If you use your teeth in performing this exercise, use them lightly. Press firmly with your tongue. Remember that too much pressure can become uncomfortable for the woman. With experience, you will rapidly gain the knowledge of how to give pleasure this way.

Going down on a woman from above should enable you to pull back the mound of skin with your fingers, thus exposing the clit to your view. You will see it is very pink and covered with a silky liquid. Flick your tongue over it, as you have flicked all the parts of her body on your way down to her cunt. Lick and chew her clit and the folds of skin which protect it. Your nose will be at the mouth of her cunt. You can press it into her if it pleases you while your fingers play with her clitoris. You will discover that in this position you will be able to penetrate the vagina with your tongue, between caresses of the clitoris and labia, of course. This alternating rhythm which does not take long to develop will be tantalizing to your lover and should bring her to orgasm in a short time.

Unless you are familiar with the woman you are with, or unless she desires it, you should not introduce your cock to her lips while you are eating her pussy. This position is known as "69," and though popular, can cause a loss of pleasure to the woman. Concentration on what you are doing to her and the proper methods of cocksucking, come hard to a woman who is being eaten. As she becomes more excited with your tongue searching out the secrets of her cunt, she will probably diminish her charge over your cock.

As you become more involved with sucking her clit, her labia, and with kissing her thighs, you will want to suck at the opening to her vagina which will

yield great amounts of fluid as she becomes more excited during the sex play you are undertaking. These are clean and normal body fluids and you don't have to be afraid to swallow them.

While you are eating her pussy, remember to massage her breasts and to manipulate her nipples. If your kisses are not directly stimulating to her clit, you may manipulate it with your fingers while you suck tenderly at the lips of her cunt. Or, while sucking and licking the areas around her small smooth pearl, you may want to introduce a finger or two into her cunt. This will add to the pleasures she experiences from your oral caresses. Many women also

with your tongue and lips; using your entire mouth at once, if you wish. Your lips, nose and chin will provide the stimulation of her clitoris that she is looking for. You can move your head in a circular motion, up and down, or in any way which gives her pleasure.

In this position your hands will be free to massage her body: her breasts, her nipples, her sides, her armpits. She will be able to hold your head in her hands, and to writhe as she comes to the fabulous stimulation you are giving her.

Also, in this position you will be able to raise her legs. Bend them back, so that her knees are on her chest, exposing her cunt and enabling you to easily lick all parts of it. This will give her great satisfaction. You will also be able to rim her—which is licking the circumference of her asshole. As she gives you pleasure by letting you explore the entirety of her body, you will be giving her pleasure by doing so.

Another way which many women find enjoyable is to let her sit on your chest so that she is in front of you and your tongue can slip into her and around her clitoris from below. Her fluids will slip from her vagina, which will allow you to lick them from her labia, from her clit and from the insides of her thighs. She will be able to move about on your body, and stimulate herself with her hands; or you can do this for her. In this position she will be able to reach back and massage your cock and balls. When you have made her come in this position, ask her to change positions.

Instruct her to turn around so she is facing away from you but still sitting on your chest. In this way she will be able to see that you are hard and ready for her. She may take it upon herself to lay down on you and to suck your cock and balls while you go on eating her pussy.

Keep in mind that when you are eating pussy, it is always a good idea to place a finger or two inside your lover's cunt to add further stimulation. Most women like to be eaten as much as they enjoy being fucked, and they are likely to have as many or more orgasms through this rather than any other act.

If there are variations or combinations of oral sex that you fantasize or decide upon with your women, go ahead and try them without hang-ups or inhibitions. There is nothing wrong with eating cunt. If you try it, you'll no doubt like it. Next: The Pleasures of Anal Intercourse.

It is wise to remember that fucking a chick in the ass and then balling her can cause serious infection in her vagina.

enjoy anal stimulation while they are being eaten. This can be deftly performed by using either hand. Place your middle finger into her asshole, and your thumb into her cunt. Bring the ends of the two fingers together while they are inside of her. This will stimulate the sensitive membrane between her vagina and her colon, and should give her greater excitement. While your fingers are inside of her, you will continue to suck and to kiss the pearl until your lover comes to orgasm.

As in fucking, there are several positions other than the one we have already described. Each yields its own variety of pleasure when you are eating pussy.

Instead of approaching her cunt from above, as has been described, have your lover lay on her back and approach from between her legs. This position is especially good to penetrate her cunt

THE PHILOSOPHER

Education lays hold of what is best in a person, but character lays hold of what is worst. It takes hold of a failing and by very skillful manipulation and training turns it into a perfection.

FULTON J. SHEEN

HUSTLER

PORN REVIEW

Hustler Porn Review is designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest X-rated flicks flooding the market today; those which are and are not worthwhile and why. Our star rating system is based on quality for your money, so you can refer to it in good faith. All movies listed can be seen at your local adult movie house.

RATING GUIDE

- * — Not suggested: not at all worthwhile.
- ** — Reliable; a few redeeming qualities.
- *** — Suggested; guaranteed to tease or please.
- **** — Highly suggested; the best in all respects.

THE NIGHT PORTER (★)

"The Night Porter" has caused quite a stir in Europe where lines have been circling around the block to see it for months. In Milan, where censors don't always agree with public taste, it took a court battle to release the picture before it went on to become one of Italy's top-grossing pictures; and in Paris it opened to both excellent reviews and box office lines.

The reasons for the success this sexually-oriented R-rated film has been achieving are to be found, no doubt, in the explicit—some would say excessive—sado-masochistic scenes and sexual-psychological subject matter. The names of those involved therein don't hurt either.

Not to be confused with the erotic novel, *The Night Clerk*, this Italian-made film of Nazi guilt and the portents of evil that lie within us all, was scripted and directed by Liliana Cavani, who previously had received critical acclaim for her films "The Cannibals" and "The Guest." Starring as Max, the night porter, is venerable Dirk Bogarde, who plays his part with a dark paranoia that must have surrounded Hitler; and Charlotte Rampling, a skinny David Bowie of a girl who is now Europe's number one actress.

This film is based on a true story, but we never get a true feel for the characters. We neither like them, nor dislike them; we simply feel indifferent toward them. A weak script does not help the film sustain itself, and the performances (albeit stereotypes) are far too stilted. Ms. Rampling, in addition to showing a good deal of skin, is the only char-



acter who seems to show any emotion and at that, not often.

Nor do we get a true feel for the sex they are portraying in a very unconvincing act. Although the sex scenes are kinky and somewhat unique in idea, that's as far as they go. There is nothing hard-core about the movie and would very easily pass for a G-rating if it weren't for the treatment of the Nazi theme.

If you are a true porn lover, don't expect much from this film.—Jim Martin

FULFILLMENT (★★)

WOW! — John Holmes definitely has to get an award for being the best-endowed male star of porno's liberated silver screen. While the Guinness Book of World Records doesn't list his vital

statistics, even a conservative estimate would have to rate him as being every bit of 13 inches. However, despite his gigantic proportions, this film has few redeeming moments. If you're looking for any semblance of a plot — forget it! It almost seems as if the producers spliced several existing shorts, which are held very loosely together by a cane-toting, hat-waving narrator. The girls are somewhat attractive, but, with one exception, they have extreme difficulty taking what Johnny "The Wadd" Holmes has to offer. There is one pretty good butt-fucking scene — poor girl! — and an episode involving two girl scouts. They don't eat just cookies! Holmes is the whole show...

EMMANUELLE (★★★)

"Emmanuelle" is the first X-rated epic to be released by a major motion picture company, and represents a major breakthrough in the erotic arts. Columbia decided to utilize the graphically tan-

talizing talents of Sylvia Kristel in the leading role. Their choice is a pleasantly sensuous one.

The story is purportedly autobiographical, being based upon the erotic experiences of a beautiful French woman who is married to a UNESCO officer. Together they live in Bangkok, Thailand, where the humid days and tropic nights provide them with leisure time to engage in extra-curricular coitus. There are lesbian encounters, rape, and a great scene in which the raven-tressed Emmanuelle is fucked doggy style. She is the prize for the winner of a boxing contest.

A good plot and attractive ladies win this film its three stars. One draw back: the dialogue is in French, with English subtitles. Nonetheless, sex is sex in any language, and this film is worth seeing. —Tim Beckley

CAGED HEAT (★★★)

The "women in prison" film has always provided the expected sadism, rape, lesbianism, violence, etc. All this is found in Jonathan Demme's "Caged Heat," but it is only on the surface. Underneath is a Kafkaesque, surrealist fantasy about brutality in prisons. Everything is a nightmare in the literal sense because the repressed fantasies of the inmates and staff living in the mythical prison have a lot to do with their actions.

This film delivers the goods but in a brutal way. Some of the audience may find themselves hiding under their seats rather than endure what is on the screen. Needless to say, "Caged Heat" condemns prisons, as did many Depression-vintage films like "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang"—of course, this time in a modern sense.

As the inmates, Juanita Brown, Roberta Collins, Erica (Vixen) Gavin, Ella Reid and Rainbeaux Smith are terrific. Besides looking sexy, they perform extraordinarily—becoming real characters instead of sexy mannequins.

Demme's crew, especially cameraman Tak Fujimoto, and composer John Cale, also contribute their remarkable talents in making this film much more than just a skin flick.

"Caged Heat" can be enjoyed on several levels. It's to Demme's credit that he is so successful on each of them.—Keith Hall



ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

HUSTLER provides the best and most concise guide to entertainment than any other major men's publication. It features new clubs opening up, old favorites around town and a complete listing of classical entertainment events plus the best in massage parlors in the city. After conducting business affairs all day, touring the city or just passing thru, pick up a copy of **HUSTLER**. Enjoy the beautiful women, captivating articles and fine humor then let yourself be guided to the best places in town thru our Entertainment Guide. It fills you in on what's happening and where. Because of limited space, it is impossible to list all of the major cities each month.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX: This area, always a favorite for tourists, retirees and sufferers of respiratory ailments, has become one of the fastest growing sections of the U.S. More than 50,000 vacationers can be accommodated each day in the all-year resort in Arizona's Valley of the Sun, and that capacity is on the upsurge. Establishments range from good motels and trailer parks to posh retreats, most of which are open year-round. When you're not out viewing the beautiful scenery, one of the newest and most exotic restaurants is **The Anchorage Hawaii** which features abalone, swordfish and squid sauté. A luscious and inviting award-winning French entree can be found at **Le Bistro** in Scottsdale. In Tempe, the **Knight's Five** serves steak and seafood in a warm, relaxing, deep red atmosphere. The **Beef Block** in Phoenix is another place for fine traditional fare. Night life is exciting at the **Camelback Sahara, Smuggler's Inn** or **Zodiak's**. Points of interest along the sightseeing trail include: the **Royal London Wax Museum** for wax reproductions of famous persons, past and present; **Big Surf**, the world's only inland surfing facility; and the **Desert Botanical Gardens**. The **Phoenix Symphony** also has performances set until mid-May.

CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES: The rest of the country is catching up to the warm California weather, but atmosphere is the big thing here now, with the close proximity to Hollywood. Tours of the area are best for sightseeing because you can be assured of hitting the high spots without getting lost. Beyond that, you're on your own to eat and be entertained at the area's top pleasure spas. If variety is truly the 'spice of life,' then mix your visits to restaurants

like the **Tokay Hungarian** for dinner and Gypsy diversion, **La Tolteca** for great Mexican food, **Kawafuku** with three floors of Japanese dining and accent, and **Little Joe's** which specializes in Italian fare. Maintain contact with top-flight favorites such as **L'Auberge Restaurant** and **Lawry's The Prime Rib**. After-dinner fun swings at **Quo Vadis** and **Whisky-a-Go-Go**, and the naked truth is on display at **The Pink Pussy Cat** and the **Classic Cat**; or dine Greek and watch exotic belly dancers at **The Fez**. If all of that makes your blood run hot, cool off at one of the many local massage parlors including the **College Massage** (makes you feel like a schoolboy again), **Atlantis Massage** or the **Circus Maximus**. **Yvette's** puts it another way, "adjustments and manipulations." All of this plus the possibility of running into resident celebrities like **Jimmy Stewart**, **Lucille Ball** and **Burt Lancaster** make this city a prime target for tourists. Home games for the **National League** baseball **Dodgers** in May include: San Diego, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th; Houston, the 5th, 6th and 7th; Pittsburgh, the 16th, 17th and 18th; Chicago, the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd; and St. Louis, the 23rd, 24th and 26th. In the **American League**, **Nolan Ryan** and the **California Angels** host: Boston, the 9th, 10th and 11th; New York, the 13th and 14th; Cleveland, the 26th, 27th and 28th; and Baltimore, the 30th and 31st.

SAN DIEGO: Visitors' habits haven't changed much since this city's discovery in 1542 by a Portuguese explorer. People still come to San Diego for a couple of days and wind up staying for a week or more. Still others buy a condominium and stay forever. **Mission Bay** is the hub of this area and offers multiple sun and fun amusements. It's also close to the **San Diego Zoo** and **Balboa Park**; shopping in **Old Town**; and is just minutes from Mexico. There are an abundance of restaurants with Mexican influence, like

Nati's and **Romaine's Mexicana**, but also many others for palates not accustomed to the zesty hot tamale taste. The **Top Shelf** is an excellent steak and seafood spot, bubbly **Lawrence Welk** has his own **Country Club Village** with a fine dining site, and **China Land** is world famous for its Cantonese food. Massage is loving and tender at **Tender Loving Care**, the **Merry-Go-Round** and the **Athena Health Salon**. At **Fickle Fingers Massage**, fingers are anything but fickle. America's No. 1 speakeasy is **Mickle Finn's**. Other hot nightclubs include **Shelter Island's Bali Hai**, the **China Doll** and **The Alamo**. Stage productions are best at the **Off Broadway Theatre** and **Coronado Playhouse**. **San Diego's Padres** host **National League** opponents: Houston, the 1st; Chicago, the 16th, 17th and 18th; St. Louis, the 19th, 20th and 21st; and Pittsburgh, the 20th through the 25th.

SAN FRANCISCO: Travelers don't have to rent a car or drive their own to see the best of San Francisco. In fact, traversing the steep hills in search of a parking place can dull certain satisfaction. For a pleasant, complete tour, get a map of cable car routes and ride the scenic rails. The hottest play-for-pay entertainment — outside of the nearest street corner — is in the burgeoning business of massage. Nude as natural and intimate contact is credible at the many pleasure palaces like **Tiki's Hawaiian Massage**, **The Oasis**, the **Normandy Studio** and **PG&Y Massage**. Heading for an outta' sight meal? Internationally acclaimed restaurants include **Kan's** (Chinese), **Mingel-Ya** (Japanese) and the **Carnelian Room** (French). If your stay is long enough, don't miss **Alexis**, **L'Etoile** and **Ernie's**. Catch big-name stars in action at the **Boarding House**, the **Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room**, and the **Cow Palace**. **Maria Muldaur**, **Rod McKuen** and **Florence Henderson** are just a few of the many who make

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frequent appearances. Special events for May take in the San Francisco Chamber Music Society concerts; the American Conservatory Theatre at the Geary Theatre; and the Western Opera Theatre at the Palace of Fine Arts. In the National League, the Giants are home to: Houston, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th; St. Louis, the 16th, 17th and 18th; Pittsburgh, the 19th, 20th and 21st; and Chicago, the 23rd, 24th and 25th. For the World Champion Oakland A's and star outfielder Reggie Jackson, American League battles at home are against: California, the 6th, 7th and 8th; New York, the 9th, 10th and 11th; Boston, the 12th and 13th; Baltimore, the 26th, 27th and 28th; and Cleveland, the 30th and 31st.

COLORADO

DENVER: Colorado's world-famed all-year climate is the key to new zest in living. Outdoor living is the name of the game — from the ski slopes to trout streams; the Rockies to rodeos. The main rodeo will be the **Skyline Stampede** on May 3rd to the 5th in Fort Collins, as cowboys try to take on wild Brahma bulls and bucking broncos. Thoroughbred racing begins its season on May 11th at the **Centennial Turf Club** in the Denver suburb of Littleton. And the **Denver Symphony Orchestra** concludes its season on the 2nd with Pianist **David Burge** accompanying Conductor **Bruce Hagen** in concert. The atmosphere is charged by sensuous girls at the **Carriage Inn**, **My Sweet Lass** and the **Tiger's Lair** nightclubs. **Los Dos** serves up authentic Mexican entrees; **The Broker** lets you dine in all the elegance a real bank vault can provide; and **House of the Kings** offers distinctive dining on traditional favorites of steak and seafood. For dinner and theatre, enter the doors of the **Country Dinner Playhouse** or the **Colorado Music Hall**. After a weary day, you can have any hard problem massaged away at the **Far East Oriental Massage**.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

D.C. - BALTIMORE: Every now and then the American public is made aware that their politicians are not always somber, blustery and down-to-business; sometimes they're somber, blustery and out-on-the-town. As the warm May climate cradles the area, you'll find that even honest working people can find a good time around the nation's capital.

Where better to begin than getting acquainted with some lovely nymphettes at the many area massage parlors. **Godfather I** gives you a course you can't refuse. Same goes at the **Phase II Message** and **Dante's 7**. It's all in the numbers. For entertainment as naked as some politicians' intentions, try **The Silver Slipper** and **The Junkanoo**. Dining is fabulous at **Duke Zeibert's Restaurant** with hospitality as warm as the steaks, seafood and chops; **Yenching Palace** for award-winning Chinese cuisine and elbow-rubbing with diplomats; and **Le Provencal** for French



JOEY HEATHERTON

entrees that have garnered prizes. Stars like **Joey Heatherton**, **John Gary** and **David Frye** entertain at the **Blue Room** in the **Shoreham Americana**, but no slate was set at this writing. Celebrities also show at the **Washington Theatre Club** and **Wasaay-Off Broadway**. In nearby Baltimore, there's more fun at the **Mechanic Theatre**, the **Dulaney Valley Dinner Theatre** and **The Arena Playhouse**. Unforgettable dining awaits you at the **Golden Plough** and **Strickland's Copper Stallion**. Problems are sensuously eliminated at **Massage Parlor Inc.** or **Chong's Sauna & Oriental Message**. Catch **American League** baseball action in May with the **Orioles** hosting: New York, the 5th, 6th and 7th; Minnesota, the 9th, 10th and 11th (doubleheader); Chicago, the 13th and 14th; and California on the 16th (doubleheader), 17th and 18th.

FLORIDA

MIAMI - FT. LAUDERDALE: It's just about time for a changing of the guard in Florida, as many of the moneyed head out

and students from across the land siphon into the Seminole country. Regardless, the pleasures of the area remain for the enjoyment of all who wish to partake. Take the massage parlors — several times, if desired — to alleviate any body complaints. Ft. Lauderdale is a little tighter, massage parlor-wise, but that kind of clean fun will never be wiped out completely — just be cautious. Always ready and willing are the **Hawaiian Health Studio**, the **Tokyo House** and the **Royal Message Studio**. Or you might make a bosom friend at nightclubs like the **Prado Pub**, **Seven-Seas Club** or **Plaza Pigalle**. **The Hasta** is famous for its steaks and seafood dinners and adds a **Wine Celler Lounge** for dancing and entertainment; **Paoletti's** boasts classic elegance and strolling guitars to back up its International fare; and an olde English theme and fine food helps draw celebrities and tourists to the **Jamaica Inn** on Key Biscayne. The **Seminole Health Club** gives theatre a zing it may lack elsewhere with its nude performances. You can proudly boast if you've dined at the award-winning **Le Dome of the Four Seasons**; it has a wide-spread following.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA: This sprawling metropolis is the hub through which most southbound travelers from the Midwest must pass on their way to other vacation spots. But for those who choose not to circumnavigate the area, a stop in Atlanta in May can be most rewarding and probably less crowded than more publicized destinations. You can begin your stay on the right foot by visiting **The Ambassador Restaurant** for open hearth charcoal broiled prime steaks or ocean fresh seafood; or **Michel's**, a French restaurant which specializes in Coquilles Saint Jacques Mornay and has its **French Connection Lounge** for after-dinner entertainment. The **Plantation Restaurant** offers fine cooking in the best tradition of the old South including a fantastic Sunday buffet. And **The Abbey** cannot be overlooked with its award-winning entrees. Stop in at the **Barn Dinner Theatre** or **Kelley's Seed & Feed** and enjoy a fine meal followed by a Broadway show. Getting to the meat of the matter, the **Bottoms Up Lounge** and the **Copy Cat** parade the bare facts for you with their girls and **Earl's Place** provides top-flight entertainment. **Masco Message** relieves aches and pains and a lot of other things, as does **Forest Hills Health Spa**.

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The Atlanta Braves, minus all-time Home-run King Henry Aaron, are at home for 11 National League baseball battles: San Francisco, the 6th, 7th and 8th; Philadelphia, the 9th, 10th and 11th; Montreal, the 20th and 21st; and New York, the 23rd, 24th and 25th.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO: On the western shore of Lake Michigan, the Windy City enjoys the combination billing of fresh-water port and convention center. Most traffic is made up of businessmen, but nearby vacation resorts are close enough to send many travelers to the big city for nighttime fun. Depending on what order you prefer, you might try total relaxation at a massage parlor like the **Riviera Club**, the **Parkway Baths** or **Andy Blasco's Swedish Massage**. After a professional loosening up job, you should be ready for a hearty meal and this town has a myriad of places from which to choose. The **Magic Pan** has 20 different types of crêpe entrées and **L'Epullette** is a delightfully intimate award-winner. They're very big on hickory barbecued ribs at **The Branding Iron**, and **Top of the Tower** will put a man-size meal before you. The **Candlelight Dinner Playhouse** has a full evening planned as does the **Old Orchard Country Club Theatre** and the **Rustic Barn Dinner Theatre**. At the **Blackstone Theatre**, "Noel Coward and Two Keys" will be

White Sox slated mainly at night. May home tests for the **Cubs** include: New York, the 1st; San Diego, the 9th, 10th and 11th; Houston, the 13th, 14th and 15th; Atlanta, the 26th, 27th and 28th; and Los Angeles, the 30th and 31st. The **Sox** host: Oakland, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th; Minnesota, the 6th and 7th; Cleveland, the 16th, 17th and 18th; Baltimore, the 19th, 20th and 21st; and Detroit, the 23rd, 24th and 25th (doubleheader).

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS: To this city, virtually surrounded by water and the levees that hold it back, the adjective "fabulous" is applied without exaggeration. New Orleans has something for everyone and the key word is fun. **Antoine's Restaurant** has been satisfying the palates of the public since 1840, and you can climb aboard a riverboat in the sky at **Port Orleans Restaurant** atop the **Marriott Motel** for fine food and entertainment. **T. Pittar's** is famous for wild game meat like buffalo, venison, bear and mountain lion. At **Le Bon Creole**, you'll relish authentic Creole delicacies like crawfish Etouffee. Live theatre is alive and well at the **Beverly Dinner Playhouse**, the **Dashiki Project Theatre** and the **Gallery Circle Theatre**. For fulfilling pleasure, you can choose nightclubs like **Al Hirt's** or **Pete Fountain's French Quarter Inn**. The **Hukl-Lau** and **After Visco's** produce outstanding talent. **Abbe's Penthouse Massage Studio** and the **House of the Rising Sun** offer an entirely different, but completely pleasing, form of night fun. For daytime activity, you'll never be able to get your fill of the beautiful sights in the bayou country. The graceful spires of **St. Louis Cathedral**, colorful **Pirate's Alley** portraits, or elegant plantations like **Longue Vue** and **Rosedown** will captivate tourists' hearts.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON: The northeast has begun to accept its usual influx of tourists for 1975. And the number will increase throughout the summer as New England shores and landscapes lure new vacationers and welcome back old ones. The area around Boston draws not only because of its history, but also for its present which includes fine restaurants and entertainment facilities. And massage parlors, too, have been gaining ground among the staid community. **Pandolfo's Inc.** includes services like a hair salon,

manicurist and shoeshine. **Jan's Studio**, the **Roman Sauna Center** and **Paradise Studio Inc.** are other spots where hot tensions can be cooled. The **Rusty Scupper**, on the historic waterfront, serves up a different kind of prime meat with savory steaks and select seafood. **Hugo's** has been cited often for award-winning cuisine featuring lobsters from its ocean pools, and the **Averof Restaurant** offers a well-stocked bar and well-stacked belly dancers with its Greek and Middle Eastern food. The three **Chateau de Ville Dinner Theatre** operations serve a full-course meal and a two-hour live Broadway show for a complete evening at one price. May schedules were not set at this writing. Nightclubbing is popular at the **Copa Lounge** and at **Flicks**. At friendly **Fenway Park**, the **Red Sox** carry forth toward another shot at the **American League** and world baseball crowns — both of which were too elusive last season — with 14 home games including: Detroit, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th; Kansas City, the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th; Oakland, the 19th, 20th and 21st; and California Angels, the 22nd through the 25th.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT: At night, the Motor City area swings from the plush suburbs to the inner city with entertainment ranging from modern combos to authentic Middle Eastern belly dancers. Sophisticated supper club orchestras play for your dancing pleasure in many nightclubs and go-go girls get things stirring at a host of discotheques. Of the latter, **Willis Show Bar** and **Gino's Falcon Bar** rate highly. For exotic belly dancers, head for **The Cedars**; top entertainment is available at the **Royal Ascot Supper Club**. At **Jim Cunningham's Camelot Inn**, you have a choice of sizzling platters of prime ribs, steaks, chops and seafood. Then, work it off to a **Fox Trot** on the dance floor. Scan the neighboring suburbs for the better x-rated movie houses. Marvelously relaxing massages are available at **Darby's Stanley Steamer**, **Blanche's Health Salon** and the **Japanese Sauna**. The **Dinner Theatre of Detroit** will keep you happily occupied for an evening and shows of different sorts can be found at the **Detroit Repertory Theatre** and the **National Burlesk**. In the summer months, music moves outdoors. Leading soloists appear with the **Detroit Symphony** and there are concerts at the **State Fairgrounds** and on **Belle Isle**, a 1,000-acre island park in the Detroit River.



ANNE BAXTER

the May production starring **Anne Baxter**, **Hume Cronyn** and **Jessica Tandy**. This is perhaps the best engineered professional baseball town, with the **National League Cubs** playing afternoons and the **American League**

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And the Detroit Institute of Arts ranks among the great U.S. Museums. For sports fans, pitcher **Mickey Lolich** and the **Tigers** host **American League** baseball games against: Milwaukee, the 6th, 7th and 8th; Texas, the 9th, 10th and 11th; Kansas City, the 12th, 13th and 14th; Minnesota, the 26th, 27th and 28th; and Chicago, the 30th and 31st.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY: For a town with no outstanding natural attributes, like mountains, lakes or oceans, Kansas City's development is something bordering on amazing. Centers for the best entertainment are **River Quay** and **Country Club Plaza** areas, but several exceptional spots are to be found on an individual basis. At **Mario's**, the dinner fare leans toward the gourmet side of Italian cooking and **Mr. Putsch's** offers elegant dining in a rural Victorian setting in the Plaza. The **Colony Steak House** rates as the top of its class in town and **Gaetano's** is one of the very best Italian restaurants anywhere. **Annie's Santa Fe**, **La Bonne Auberge** and **La Mediterranee** are other excellent choices. **Worlds of Fun** is a "prairie Disneyland." **Dinner Theatre** is best at the **Palace**, **Off Broadway**, the **Waldo Astoria** and **Tiffany's Attic**. Sensuous pleasures are accommodated at **The Blue Orchid Studios** and the **Model Shop** for massages. The **Pink Garter** has exotic dancers and the **Jewel Box** can fool you with its femme mimics. Sightseeing should include a trip to the **Nelson Gallery of Art**. The **Kansas City Royals** play on home turf 12 days during May against **American League** rivals: Texas, the 6th, 7th and 8th; Milwaukee, the 9th, 10th and 11th; Baltimore, the 23rd, 24th and 25th; and New York Yankees, the 26th, 27th and 28th.

ST. LOUIS: It's called "Surprising St. Louis" and at times lives up to that billing in unexpected ways. For example, performances at **Kiel Auditorium** and the **Municipal Opera** were not yet set for May at this writing, so whatever happens — from **Cat Stevens** and **Elton John** to **Carol Burnett** and **Angela Lansbury** — will be a surprise. At the **American Theatre**, "Good Evening" was tentatively set for May 26th to the 31st, but the stars were not known. If you set your taste buds for French cuisine at **Anthony's**, Italian specialties at **Tony's**, or Mexican fare at **La Salsa**, you needn't be surprised — just pleased. And en-

tertainment at the **Ramada Inn** or the **Chase Club** is also consistently good. Take extra time for scouting the local sites of interest like the **St. Louis Art Museum**, the **Goldenrod Showboat** or scenic **Forest Park**. **National League** baseball action is available as the **Cardinals** take on: Chicago, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th; Philadelphia, the 5th through the 8th; Los Angeles, the 12th, 13th and 14th; San Diego, the 26th, 27th and 28th; and Cincinnati, the 30th and 31st.

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS: Almost as many stars shine on the inside of Vegas' money mansions as outside in the clear southwestern May evening. And it's difficult to bill one over another in entertainment value — it all depends on who you're with. At the **Riviera**, you can be with the **Smothers Brothers** and **Olivia Newton-John** through the 14th and **The Fifth Dimension** for the rest of the month.



JULIET PROWSE

Debbie Reynolds takes over from **Juliet Prowse** and **Foster Brooks** on the 6th at the **Desert Inn** and works into June. **Caesar's Palace** stars **Alan King** and **Ben Vereen** until the 7th when **Sammy Davis Jr.** comes in for a two-week stint. **Tom Jones** takes it from the 22nd to June 11th. **Wayne Newton** is featured at the **Frontier** for the entire month and **Shirley MacLaine** is on stage at the **MGM Grand** until the 20th. The **Las Vegas Hilton** will have **Gladys Knight and the Pips** until the 5th; **Charlie Rich** from the 6th to the 19th; and **Bill Cosby** from the 20th to June 2nd. **Sadler and Young** star at the **Flamingo** through the 28th and are followed by **Lovelace Watkins**. The **Sahara** has **Jerry Lewis**

for the first two weeks and at this writing was unscheduled beyond that. The **Sands** and the **Thunderbird** also were unsigned to talent at the time, but promised representative attractions.

RENO - LAKE TAHOE: Coming to or going from this area, you might consider stopping at the **Tony Monforti Ranch** where, because of Nevada's liberal laws, prostitution is legal and you can get screwed for much less and be much happier than losing at the gaming tables. That is not to say anything derogatory about the casinos since they count on the odds for income at honest games of chance. Keeping you entertained at **Harrah's Headliner Room** in Reno will be **John Davidson** through the 21st and **Mitzi Gaynor** from the 22nd to June 11th. At the **South Shore Room** at Lake Tahoe will be **Sonny Bono** till the 8th; **Burt Bacharach** from the 9th to the 22nd; and **Sammy Davis Jr.** for the final week. **Jessie Beck's Riverside** at Reno has the **Kenny Vernon Show** until the 10th and **Zella Lehr** shares the spotlight for the first three days. **The Riverside** was unsure of its schedule beyond the 11th, as was **John Ascuaga's Nugget** in Sparks.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK: One of the most colorful, historic and fascinating areas in Manhattan is **Greenwich Village** which has long been known for its cosmopolitan cuisine. And in the past two years, dozens of new restaurants have opened to further enhance the offering. **One If By Land, Two If By Sea** is one of the smartest additions where you can savor **Pate de Campagne**, luscious escargots or pink shrimp and crab claw. **Horn of Plenty** had to move to a larger site to accommodate the crowds hungering for soul food specialties. Three other especially attractive eateries include **Charlie and Kelly's**, the **Jules Verne** and **The Paris Bistro**. Of course, "21" is traditionally tops with a show biz crowd and **Topkapi Place** features Middle Eastern selections. Although Broadway and off-Broadway cannot be predicted, some expected stage hits for May should include "Good Time Charley" with **Joel Grey** at the **Palace Theatre**, **Sherlock Holmes** starring **John Wood** at the **Broadhurst**, and the long-running (15th year) "Fantasticks" at the **Sullivan Street Playhouse**. The best of the massage parlor action can be found at **Caesars Retreat**, the **Taj Mahal**, **King**

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of Clubs and The Connoisseur Visiting Massage. At Madison Square Garden, the Barnum and Bailey Circus will be in the arena until the 26th and an ITA professional track meet is slated for the 28th. In the Felt Forum, a Haitian Music Festival is set for the 17th. Shea Stadium will be in use most of the month with both the Mets and the Yankees using the facility while Yankee Stadium is being renovated. The National League Mets play: Montreal, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th; Pittsburgh, the 6th, 7th and 8th; Cincinnati, the 9th, 10th and 11th; San Francisco, the 12th, 13th and 14th; Los Angeles, the 26th, 27th and 28th; and San Diego, the 30th and 31st. Cy Young award winner Jim "Catfish" Hunter should be leading the Yanks against American League foes: Oakland, the 16th, 17th and 18th; Kansas City, the 19th, 20th and 21st; and Texas, the 23rd, 24th and 25th.

OHIO

AKRON: May concludes the premiere season at the Edwin J. Thomas Performing Arts Hall at the University of Akron. The Preservation Hall Jazz Band comes in on the 1st, and savage athletic rituals and dances of South America will be performed on the 3rd by the Peruvian Festival of the Sun Company. On the 10th, the Lewis Brothers Mini-Circus comes in for a pair of shows and the Chamber Ballet closes the season on the 16th. Sexy sounds and beautiful bodies are waiting at the Hustler Club, 21 S. Main St., where the young chicks are always trying to please you. Jean & Ann's Lounge has eye-catching beauties, too, and Salem's Restaurant and Lounge goes all out in catering to the male crowd. Excellent dining and Las Vegas style shows are available at Phil Palumbo's Supper Club; Mercel's provides outstanding meals in nearby Cuyahoga Falls; and Lanning's offers a superb traditional menu and wine list. As usual, the Carousel Dinner Theatre and the Weathervane Playhouse are available for fine stage entertainment.

CINCINNATI: The Queen City has one tremendous draw with King's Island so close and another with its perennial baseball contenders, the Reds. But there's a lot more to be seen and done around town and you might as well begin at the Hustler Club, 608 Walnut Street, which like all clubs in the chain opens at 11 a.m. Getting it together is the plan

behind the Guys 'N' Dolls Singles Nite Club and My Room or cross-river Kentucky spots like The Brass Ass, the Mouse Trap and The Pad. The Top Hat is a new entry to the massage scene, joining Steve's Health Salon. You can't go wrong in the food area if you drop in at five-star award-winners like Pigall's or the Maisonette. Other top selections would include The Heritage, the



JOHNNY BENCH

Kabuki and Lloyd's One East. Johnny Bench won't be spending as much time around his Home Plate Restaurant these days with the new season underway and a new bride at his side. For the Reds, symbolized by "Charlie Hustle" Pete Rose, National League opposition visits as follows: Atlanta, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th; San Diego, the 6th, 7th and 8th; New York, the 20th and 21st; Philadelphia, the 23rd, 24th and 25th; and Montreal, the 26th (doubleheader) and 28th.

CLEVELAND: "Indian Summer" usually begins around this time of year in Cleveland as the baseball team begins its annual run for the pennant. The Indians were in contention virtually the entire season, last year, so we might expect a longer siege of excitement in '75. Getting to the serious business of satisfying a visitor's appetite for food and fun, for a moment, you can begin by stopping at Henry's Restaurant at Lander Haven for elegant dining in a country club atmosphere; Jayson's Front Page with a Victorian decor and American menu; or set your taste for Italian cooking at Maselillo's Restaurant and Lounge. A sensuous Polynesian flavor pervades the Kon-Tiki Restaurant in the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel and all of the above will keep you entertained. A night on the

town isn't complete, however, until you've checked on the Hustler Club on Short Vincent St.; chances are high that you'll find what you're looking for. Other clubs that jump are the House of Bud, Inc., the Final Approach, and Cousin's Lounge. If you're in a rut, the best place to break the pattern is at the Spartan Health Massage, VIP Health Spa or Universal Health Salon. And live shows are available at the Cabaret on Playhouse Square, the Palace Theatre, and the Cleveland Play House. A trip to the "house that Nick built" is worth it just to see The Coliseum. If you plan for the 1st to the 4th of May, you'll be able to see the world famous Lippizan Stallions perform. The World Team Tennis league also begins action this month. For the Indians and freshman Manager Frank Robinson, Lakefront Stadium will be in use for American League games against: Baltimore, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th (doubleheader); Boston, the 5th, 6th and 7th; Chicago, the 9th, 10th and 11th; California, the 19th and 21st; and Oakland, the 23rd, 24th and 25th (doubleheader).

COLUMBUS: The capital of the Buckeye State often progresses more slowly than some other, more cosmopolitan cities. But there's enough ingenuity present to make it a contender for visitors' attentions and other business people. For example, the Euphorium takes things into hand while providing a steamy, soothing, sensual massage and gets competition from The VIP Club, the Sauna Club and The Caesars, among others. Nightclubs with torrid gals on the bill are not overly abundant, but there are enough to go around — like our own Hustler Club at 36 West Gay Street and Whatever's Right Lounge just down a flight of stairs. The Purple Jester Mod Lounge is also gaining in popularity and Scot's Inn draws some big-name entertainers to enhance its old world atmosphere. And already performing to sell-out crowds is localite Bill Sweetser at Stouffer's Grogg Shop. To find sumptuous dining pleasure is an easy task — drive, or ask to be taken, to the Kahiki for an exotic visit to the South Pacific; or take in the Jai Lai, 16 East, Max's Coventry Inn or the Aegean Restaurant which features the famous belly dancer, Scheherezade. You have to hunt for Oliver's Ringside Tavern downtown, but the food is worth the search. "Love is the Time Of Day" is the comedy hit on stage at the

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Columbus-Springfield Dinner Theatre. At Mershon Auditorium on the Ohio State University campus, tenor **Luciano Pavarotti** performs on May 2nd, and the **Boston Pops Orchestra** comes to St. John Arena on the 16th.

DAYTON: No other city this size boasts as many truly fine restaurants as the Gem City. Cuisines of every type are available to the discriminating gourmet. **Anton's Sheridan** offers authentic Greek, **King Cole** shares award-winning French entrées, the **Tropics** majors in Cantonese and American fare. At **Annarino's Supper Club** and **Suttmiller's**, you get the finest of food and stage entertainment. Equally outstanding and varied is the range of night clubs which begin with **Whatevr's Right Lounge** and **Daddie's Money**. The **Rhino Nite Club**, **Diamond Club** and **Way Out Lounge** all have live shows to please you and at **The Show Bar** and **Todd Burlesk**, you can take in the 'art' of undressing. Massage is alive and well at the **National Health Club** where big problems are made small ones.

TOLEDO: The Glass City says "This is where it's happening," and then sets out to prove it with an assortment of fine restaurants and clubs. The **Hustler Club** at 812 Jefferson Ave., of course, is where girls are prettiest and the friendliest — altogether an unusual departure from the usual coldness encountered in a strange city. And things can warm up at **Brenda's Body Shop**, the **Exotic Night Club** or the swinging **Inn**. At the **Zorba Supper Club**, American and Greek food combine for a delicious meal and the sensuous "Bousouki Revue" is spiced with fabulous belly dancers. **Manton's Wharf** is a unique seafood restaurant while **Haddad's Bungalow** has a Lebanese flavor and **Dominic's** specializes in Italian meals. The art of thorough massage is practiced to a fine edge at **Executive Art and Escort Service**.

PENNSYLVANIA

PITTSBURGH: In "Steeltown, U.S.A." there are many types of entertainment to keep a person occupied day and night. Downtown, it's primarily located at **Market Square** with nightclubs like **Walt Harper's Attic**. The **Edge** highlights the Mt. Washington area with elegant dining and the **Holiday House Supper Club** should be preceded by a

call for reservations. Check out the **Beverly Hills Playhouse** and the various **Pittsburgh Opera** and **Symphony** productions for schedules since dates were not available at this writing. The town has its share of massage parlors that can reshape your body and your mind. **Studio One** provides contact in German, French and Swedish body language, and the **Gemini Spa** has a Geisha bath to help stimulate a healthy body. Other tender spots include the **Aardvark Studio II** and the **Scandanavian Spa**. A trip to **Three Rivers Stadium** is in order for **Pirates**' home games with **National League** rivals. Slugger **Willie Stargell** will try to help matters in May against: St. Louis, the 1st; San Francisco, the 6th, 7th and 8th (doubleheader); Los Angeles, the 9th, 10th and 11th; San Diego, the 13th and 14th; Houston, the 26th, 27th and 28th; and Atlanta, the 30th and 31st.

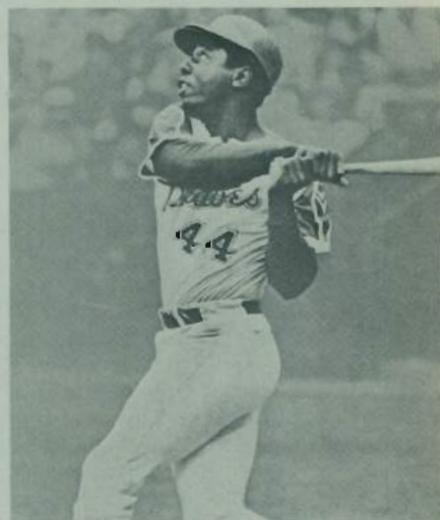
TEXAS

HOUSTON: In the past decade, Houston has taken off on an expansion and modernization boom that has turned it from a "drive-through" to a "stop-and-look-around" center. Providing much of the draw is **Astroworld** which includes perhaps the world's largest amusement park as well as the precedent-setting **Astrodome**. Since Texans always have the driving goal to be the biggest at everything, you can draw your own conclusions about the female wares offered at the massage shops including the **French Quarter Health Spa**, the **Scandanavian Spa**, and **Dee's Massage**. Maybe they'll settle for being the best. Speaking of sexy sirens, head for nightclubs like **Bottoms Up**, **Bare Bottoms**, and **Lorie's Club** where they keep no feminine secrets from appreciative customers. You have to remember, though, that erotic sessions take a lot out of you and to keep up a steady routine, include the many excellent area restaurants that can revive your strength. The **Bacchanal** is uniquely Greek both in food and the entertaining belly dancers; the **Old San Francisco Steak House** combines an 1890's decor

with today's taste in prime beef; **Casa de Mexico** spices your life with south-of-the-border traditions; and **Angelo's Fisherman's Wharf** serves the finest in seafood. At the **Astrodome**, the **Astros**, with star outfielder **Cesar Cedeno**, have only one home stand with three **National League** teams coming in: New York, the 16th, 17th and 18th; Philadelphia, the 19th, 20th and 21st; and Montreal, the 23rd, 24th and 25th.

WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE: Just getting into the prime vacation period, the city renowned for its beer production is a lot deeper than the suds. Its list of fine restaurants and nightclubs is unsurpassed by cities of comparable size. The **Bavarian Hofbrau Haus** has won honors for its German specialties; **Beyond the Reef** is delightfully different with a Polynesian cuisine and decor; **Eugene's Juneau** is famous for its seafoods and steaks; while **Chez Paul** offers elegant French dining. The **Centre Stage Dinner Playhouse** is a one-stop entertainment center, or you can spend an easy evening at any of the many nightclubs that provide live shows such as **Augie's Go-Go**, **Mr. Mort's**, the **Play Pen**, or **Kosta's White Manor**.



HENRY AARON

which features belly dancing. On the sports scene, Home-run King **Henry Aaron** is back in the beer capital where he began his long-ball onslaught some 20 years ago. He and the **Brewers** host five **American League** teams during May, including: New York, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th; Texas, the 20th, 21st and 22nd; Minnesota, the 23rd, 24th and 25th; Chicago, the 26th, 27th and 28th; and Kansas City, the 30th and 31st.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Situated in some nebulous distance I do what I do so that the universal balance of which I am a part may remain a balance.

PORCHIA



Photographs by Ralph Hampton

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?

A man who can prove all men are not created equal. On a fuck-flick set, or beating the meat to his favorite magazine, he gets more out of the experience because he has more to put into it. And he finds being incredibly hung pays off. Fact: A recent survey indicated that 99% of HUSTLER readers have less than 10 inches. Want to reach men who are constantly in touch with themselves? You get their undivided erections in HUSTLER. (Source: *Hustler News Service*, 1975.)

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • Boston • Miami

Hustler Johnny "Wadd" Holmes, for example, whose super-joint and exceptional ability to perform difficult feats in front of the camera have helped him to become the hottest thing in porn since Nagasaki. Johnny says, "I read HUSTLER over the other mags in its field by two to one. My friends between the ages of 18 and 34 also prefer HUSTLER."

Johnny "Wadd's" beautiful brunette Honey likes HUSTLER, too—almost as well as she likes Johnny's joint. She enjoyed the shooting, and she didn't shy from showing her approval of it, either. Nevertheless, all good things must come to an end. Before it did, though, we managed to capture a few pictures from one room to another on our California location.





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Remember, our audience includes thousands of men who once read Playboy, Penthouse, Genesis, and Oui. Men who weren't satisfied until they'd found that the real thing is between the pages of HUSTLER.



Men who read HUSTLER pay more attention to Girl Features than readers of any other newsstand magazine. If you want your girl to get the most attention, show her off in HUSTLER.





DES MOINES

(HNS) — If you are interested in siring an offspring of your own sex, psyche yourself up so tight you actually shake with stress during the necessary sexual encounter with spouse or partner.

If, on the other hand, you want to produce a baby of the opposite sex of yourself, hang loose (figuratively speaking where men are concerned, of course), because the more relaxed you are the more likely you are to father or mother your sexual opposite.

This theory of stress-determines-sex-of-baby was first advanced about five years ago by Donald and Locky Schuster of Iowa State University, and has since been at least partially substantiated by mental health researchers Ilene Wittels and Phillip Bornstein.

Working through a religious organization, the researchers found that of 10 rape-caused births, nine were boys, and the mother of the baby girl admitted to having had a relationship with the father before the rape.

If the births had been the result of normal sexual relations it is extremely improbable that nine out of 10 of them would have been male, the researchers said.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

(HNS) — Venereal disease, one of the great scourges of most of the modern-day world, may soon be preventable by vaccine.

For the past several years, scientists have been expanding the vaccine concept to include virology, bacteriology, chemistry and genetics.

This new approach, say immunology authorities, has put several new vaccines on the near horizon, including ones for strep throat, hepatitis, meningitis, pneumococcal pneumonia, gonorrhea and syphilis.

PHILADELPHIA

(HNS) — A curse that plagues, to varying degrees, nearly all American teenagers and some one-third of all adults has been dealt a decisive blow by a team of Philadelphia dermatologists.

Dr. Albert M. Kligman and his colleagues at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine have developed a new treatment for acne that appears to be the first real progress against this unsightly and often disfiguring affliction.

The new treatment consists of using vitamin A acid to clean out blocked

SEX BITS

Hustler News Service (HNS)

The newest feature to join HUSTLER's ever expanding, always exciting cavalcade of eroticism, brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

compiled by Richard Crownover



pores, followed by an application of the antibiotic erythromycin to reduce inflammation.

Dr. Kligman and his associates report that they have been using this combination treatment on acne patients for over three years, with significant success in 80 percent of the cases.

Vitamin A acid is available by prescription under the name of Retin-A.

KINGSTON, CAN.

(HNS) — Birth control pills not only prevent women from becoming pregnant when they have sexual intercourse, but may also make them less likely to say "no" to sexual activity in the first place, according to Dr. Stephen Wong of Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario.

Dr. Wong and colleague John E. Tong of the University of Guelph studied the mental reactions of two groups of women—one group on the pill and one not on it.

The pill definitely reduced the mental sharpness of women using oral contraceptives, the pair said. They added that the synthetic hormones in the pill apparently caused the side effect.

CORAL GABLES

(HNS) — How about a "skinny powder" to go along with salt, pepper and other table condiments, that will allow you to gorge yourself on rich food and still stay sexy slim?

It's not such a far out idea, says biochemist John J. Marshall of the University of Florida.

Marshall has found a protein in uncooked kidney beans, called phaseolamin, that inhibits the body's full utilization of glucose, thereby reducing the number of calories absorbed from food.

The biochemist predicts that the time will definitely come when a phaseolamin shaker will be on every table.

In the meantime, he warns that people shouldn't try to make their own stay-slim spice. Besides phaseolamin, raw kidney beans, also contain poisonous toxins.

VANCOUVER

(HNS) — Men would rather be sexually aroused than scared. If they are in a frightening situation and there is an acceptable sex object on the scene they will suppress their fear and subconsciously concentrate hard on sexual thoughts, according to Canadian psychologists Donald Dutton and Arthur Avon.

Dutton and Avon demonstrated the close link between sexual attraction and fear/anxiety in a series of real-life and laboratory experiments.

The two researchers explained that men interpret the feelings of fear and anxiety as sexual arousal to avoid the shame or embarrassment of showing fright.

CHAPEL HILL

(HNS) — More and more college students are finding a substitute for drug abuse and anxiety over whether or not to commit suicide, notes Bruce A. Baldwin, a psychologist at the University of North Carolina.

This "new" substitute, says Baldwin, is "positive relationships and sexual expression."

Baldwin said that despite a popular course on human sexuality and a booklet written especially for sexually active students (*Elephants and Butterflies . . . and Contraceptives*), there was a serious lack of sex information available to students.

To meet this need, Baldwin, other faculty members and students set up a "Human Sexuality Information and Counseling Service" to advise students on contraceptives, pregnancy, abortion, venereal disease and sexual inadequacies.

Baldwin said the most troubled students on campus were usually those who came from strongly religious, rural backgrounds and had received little or no early sex education.

Once on campus, with old controls left behind, guidelines missing and living in close intimacy with members of the opposite sex, many of the students don't know which way to turn, Baldwin explained.

So far, the largest number of people contacting the new sexuality counseling service are interested in contraceptives and pregnancy information, he added.

SEX BITS

LOS ANGELES

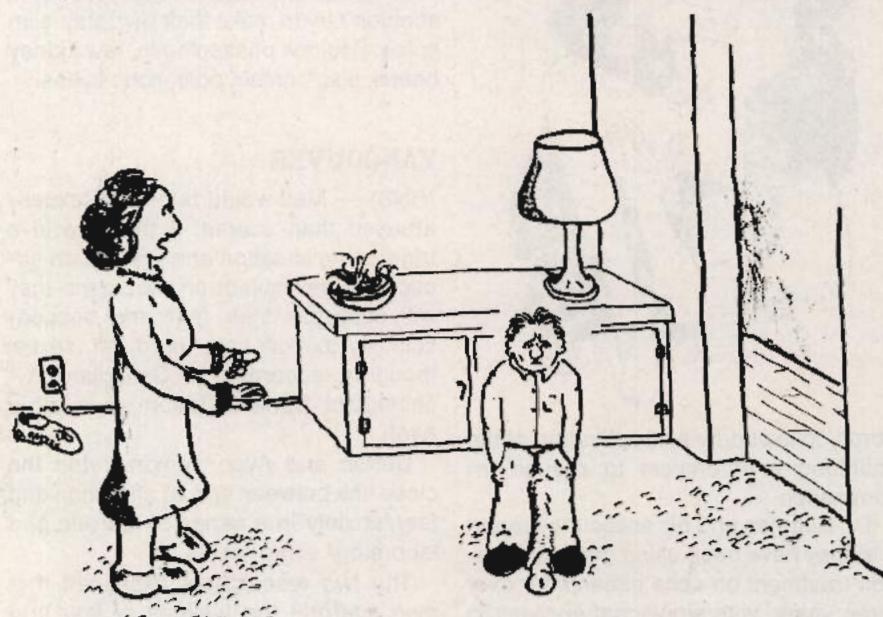
(HNS) — One doesn't hear much about elopements anymore, perhaps because they are so common they have lost the romantic image once ascribed to them in novels and movies.

To find out how real-life elopees are faring in these days of increased personal freedom and casual sex, sociologist Paul Popenoe of the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles had assistants interview 738 couples who had run away to get married.

It seems that only the image has changed. Over half of the elopees said they skipped out and married on the sly because one or more of their parents objected to the match.

Other categories of elopees: those who ran away to avoid publicity (like teachers); those who took off to avoid "the expense, fuss and more or less infantile and asinine customs that so often surround weddings"; and a miscellaneous collection made up mostly of "drunks and thrill-seekers."

Popenoe says the category that had the most successful marriage rate was



"Honestly Herbie! Everytime I turn around — you've outgrown another pair of pants."

the one that took off to avoid the fuss, muss and cost of family weddings.

Next most successful were those who eloped because of parental objections. Both of these categories are doing about as well as couples who went through conventional wedding ceremonies, Popenoe said.

STANFORD

(HNS) — The feminine woman in the traditional sense — passive, dependent, emotional, etc. — and the overtly masculine male may have "outlived their utility" and may soon be replaced by androgynous males and females, predicts Sandra L. Bem of Stanford University's Psychology Department.

Bem, developer of the *Bem Sex Role Inventory (BSRI)*, explains that an androgynous individual is one who no longer lives by the old male-female sexual stereotypes.

Bem adds that "feminine" women possess the most serious behavioral deficits in today's world, followed by "feminine" men. She suggests that in the future androgynous people will "define a more human standard of psychological health."

FT. COLLINS, COL.

(HNS) — While a radical fringe of the feminist movement says that a lesbian relationship is preferable to a heterosexual one, lesbian matrimony doesn't usually mean the end of male-female role playing, says sociologist Mehri S. Jensen.

Following a study of lesbians conducted in the "real world" of Denver, Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, "not in prisons, dormitories, gay bars and other homosexual haunts," Jensen found that "most lesbian couples mirror straight couples."

One plays the role of the male, and the other the female role, and they rate each other according to traditional views of housework, sexual and social activity, Jensen said.

While the "butch" or male role player tends to identify with men, the "femme" or female role player is more likely to identify with women, and frequently is not exclusively homosexual in that she wants to conceive and bear children, Jensen added.

Jensen suggests that feminist lesbians may not be as trapped in sex-role stereotypes as their less liberated sisters, and that the women's liberation movement may be leading to more equal lesbian relationships. ■

CHLOE



Photographs by Tony Currin

masturbation in the bath

“

*I*t seems like I'm constantly rediscovering myself in the bath. It's the best place I've found to masturbate. I take the phone off the hook. I don't want to be disturbed. I love feeling myself.



I've found that phone calls break my train of thought, my concentration on what I'm doing. My thoughts go from the work I've been doing all day,

And the people I've seen, to fantasies about the men in my life. When the man I'm with wants to watch, that's all right, too. If it weren't, I probably wouldn't be with him . . . "



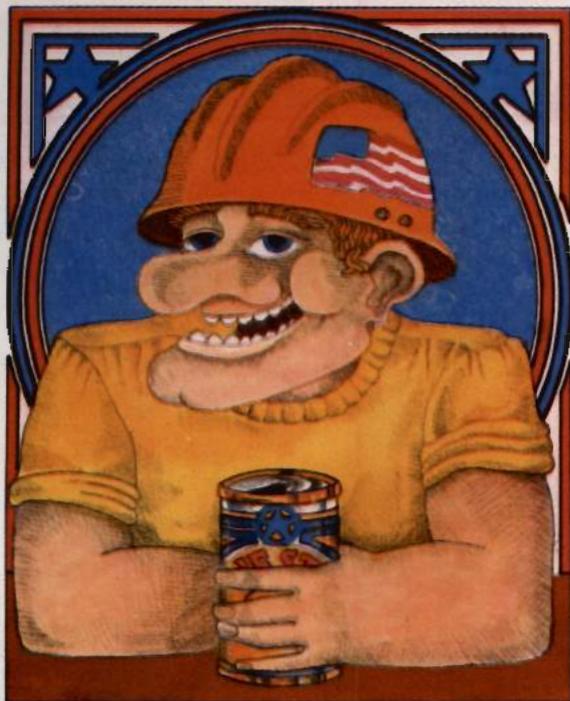


Chloe explains her method: "There's the effect of water going in and out of my vagina. The opening and closing of my hole. I can control it, you know. And that's the first thing that turns me on in the water. In the tub, in a lake, or in the ocean. I take it from there, using a long vertical stroke rubbing both sides of my clit with two fingers."





HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny...

HUSTLER Definition of Acupuncture: One area where little pricks are better than big ones.

HUSTLER Definition of a Spherical Bastard: A bastard no matter how you look at him.

The frustrated husband finally consulted a doctor about his problem. His beautiful young wife, who had been delightfully passionate prior to marriage, had now lost all interest in sex. The doctor gave him a bottle of pills with instructions to give one to his wife each evening with dinner.

The man complied, but the first night brought no reaction. On the second night he gave her two pills, but still no reaction. So the third night, in disgust, he gave her half the bottle and took the rest himself. Soon his wife was stretched out on the couch whispering, "Oh, darling, I want a man."

"That's funny," said the husband. "So do I!"

"You know," declared the future husband to another man at his engagement party, "looking around the room, with the exception of my sister and my fianceé, I've slept with every girl here." "That's interesting," said the friend. "Between the two of us, we've had them all!"

A well-dressed, but obviously drunk gentleman stumbled up to a policeman and said in a thick-tongued voice, "Officer, somebody stole my car. I had it right here on the end of my ignition key." "Well, we'll go right to the station and report it," said the patrolman, amused at the fellow's condition. "But I think you should zip up your pants before we leave."

"Oh, shit!" blubbered the lush, noticing his open fly. "Somebody stole my girl, too!"

HUSTLER Definition of a Gynecologist: A spreader of wives' tails.

A young man rushed into a bar and in fairly short order downed 10 straight whiskeys. "What's the occasion?" asked the bartender.

"I'm celebrating my first blow job," said the youth.

"Well, have a drink on the house, then," offered the barkeep.

"No thanks," said the kid. "If 10 drinks won't get the taste out of my mouth, another won't help much."

Hustler Definition of Impotence: Emission impossible.

When her husband's best friend stopped by her house late one afternoon, the sexy young housewife was at first just surprised. But it turned into shock when he offered her \$500 to go to bed with him. With the money situation being rather tight, she gave in and led him to the bedroom where they spent an active hour.

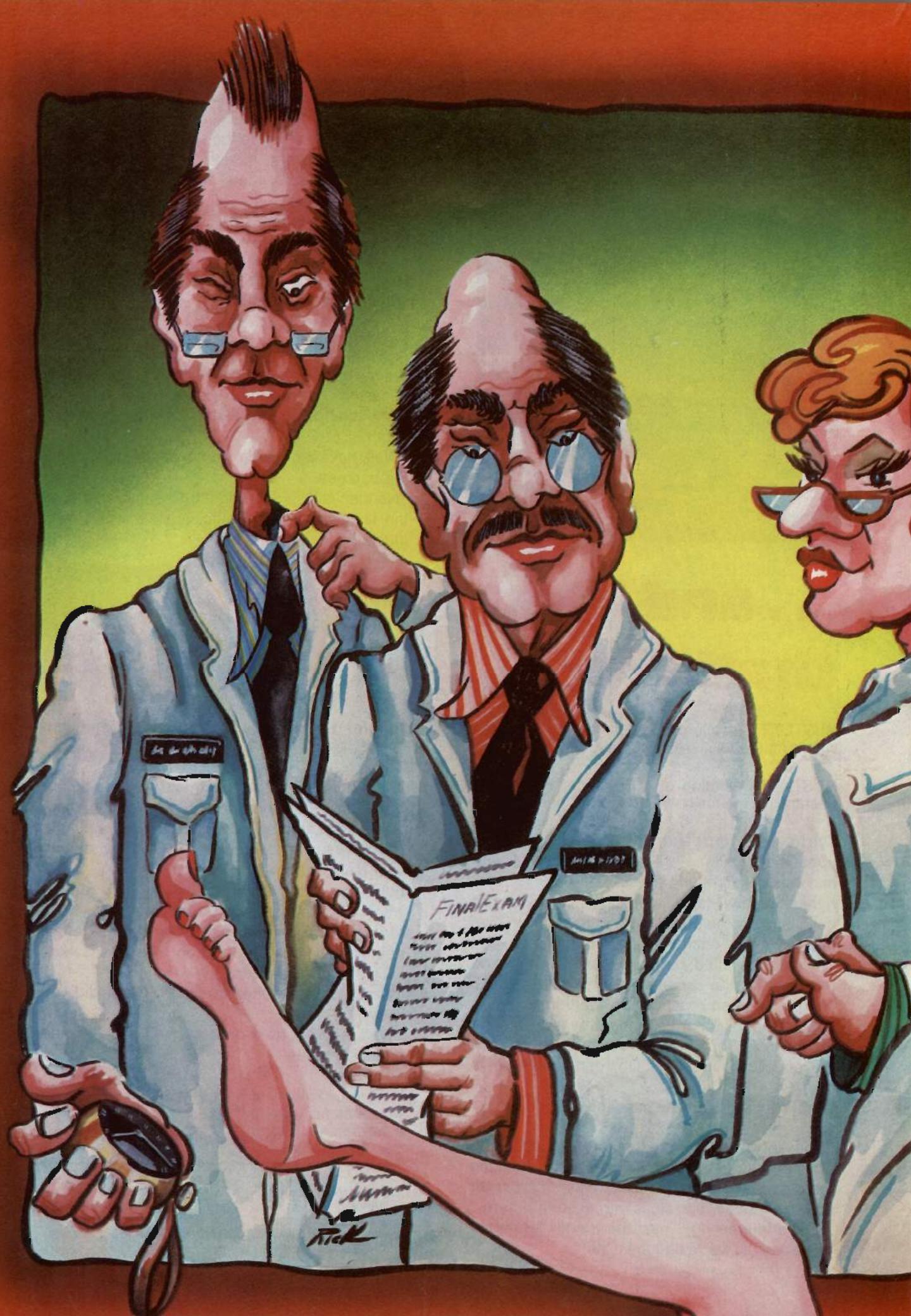
When her husband came home later that afternoon, he was just in the door when he asked, "Did Jim drop by today?"

"Why, yes," she said nervously. "How did you know?"

"Well, he said he'd drop off the \$500 I loaned him last month."

Hustler Definition of a True Music Lover: A man who puts his ear to the keyhole when he hears a woman singing in the bathtub!

Are you into joke telling with no one to listen? Tell 'em to us and make some money at the same time. We pay standard freelance rates. Send all jokes to Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes cannot be returned.





FINAL EXAM

by William Garvin

Victor X clanked into the lab office exactly at two o'clock, just as they had told him to do, but he was still too early. The conference room door was closed, and behind its neutral gray façade, safely beyond range of his sight and hearing, the committee evidently was not yet finished with its crucial deliberations. Only Miss Schumann, the brisk, red-haired secretary, had remained in the anteroom. She sat grimly as usual at her long plastoid table, pecking out reports on a tapescriber.

"They are inside?"

She nodded. "Mm."

"They are continuing the meeting?"

Miss Schumann looked up from her scribing. A small, faintly malicious grin turned up the corners of her lips. "Getting anxious, Victor?"

"Yes. I am told I should be."

At these words her smirk disappeared.

She gazed at him with that same cool and somehow ill-humored scrutiny she gave almost everyone from time to time. Victor had noticed before that Miss Schumann did not seem to be a very happy young woman. He wondered if this resulted from the fact that, although she was already in her thirties, she was still unmarried, and indeed was the only unmarried secretary in the whole Institute. Nor did she appear to be — what was the word? — attractive. She had lank, stringy hair which she rarely managed to keep neat, a pale complexion with lacklustre blue eyes, and legs that were too thin.

"Don't believe everything they tell you," she said.

And a harsh voice as well, one that always trembled on the verge of a shriek.

"I will attempt to keep your advice in mind," he answered carefully.

The intercom buzzer on her desk sounded, and she jabbed at the switch.

"Yes?"

"Please send Victor in." It was the voice of Dr. Parkins. "And Miss Schumann?"

"Yes?"

"Please try not to bark at me when you answer the squawkbox."

She put her hand on his penis, which felt smooth and hard, and as she stroked it he moaned in pleasure.

ily reciprocated with the facial adjustments required for displaying a smile of his own.

Dr. Nordlinger spoke first. "No doubt, Victor, you have been wondering about our decision. Possibly you've even been a little, shall we say, worried about it. Isn't that correct?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"As you know, our decision depended upon two factors: One, the appropriation; two, our own feelings here about going through with such an important procedure. There were vital sociological implications to be considered, and we wanted to—" He hesitated.

"We wanted to be sure how this would work out," Dr. Parkins broke in. He glanced at his colleagues. "In addressing Victor, gentlemen, it's wise to avoid multisyllabic words. Appropriation. Sociological implications. Remember there was just so much intellectual receptivity we could program into him in only two months."

"I stand corrected, Frank," said Dr. Nordlinger with a smile. He gestured toward the gray-haired stranger seated next to him. "Victor, this is Mr. Atwell. He's chairperson of the Foundation's Finance Committee. You know, the people we get our money from."

"Yes, sir. How do you do, Mr. Atwell?"

"It's good to meet you at last, Victor," said Mr. Atwell. "You've cost us a lot of money, you know. Now your friends here want us to spend even more on you for this ultimate — refinement. Do you think we should?"

"You're asking him for a value judgment, Mr. Chairperson," Dr. Nordlinger said. "He's not able to render one."

"Oh, I realize that. I just wondered if he did actually have any feelings about it. By the way, shouldn't we ask him to sit down?"

"Not necessary. He can stand like that for a whole week. He never gets fatigued."

Victor shifted uncomfortably. He did not object to being discussed like this as if he were not present — the staff often did it — but he was conscious of a vague impatience. He wished they would tell him their decision.

"Have you decided, sir?" he asked Dr. Parkins.

"We have."

"May I ask —"

Mr. Atwell cleared his throat with a kind of deliberate emphasis, as if to establish his preeminent right to do the explaining at this stage. "Victor, we continued on page 90



BONITA

Cities, Sex and the Single Girl





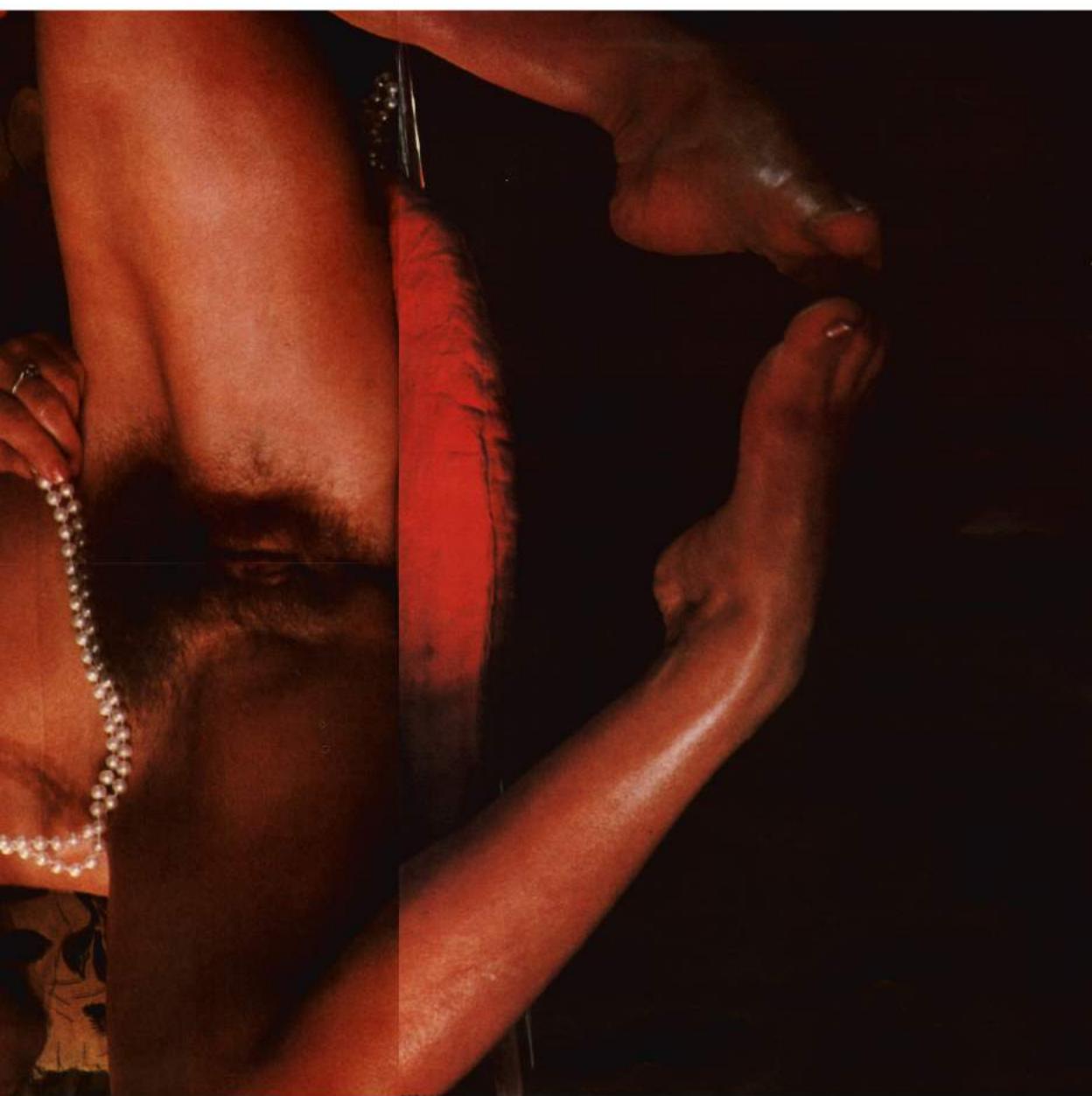


Teasing is one of the best ways I've found to get guys interested in me. I like men, especially men who know what the score is. But I don't like sex with the same man all the time. Maybe it's because I haven't found a man yet, who I'd want to settle down with."



HUSTLER'S HONEY JUNE 1975





The men I've known have always found the time to have an occasional affair with someone other than their girls of the moment. I don't want to be one of those girls. I want to fuck a lot of men while I'm discovering the combination of mental, physical, and social qualities of the guy who is going to take care of me. Until then, I'm not thinking about marriage or children."





M

Meanwhile, Bonita finds time to let herself go to HUSTLER'S camera. "There is no better release in the high rise madness of today's cities than sex," she says. "Being horny a lot myself, and preferring men for sexual partners, I like knowing I can give them pleasure. Pictures are just another way of doing it."







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to come!

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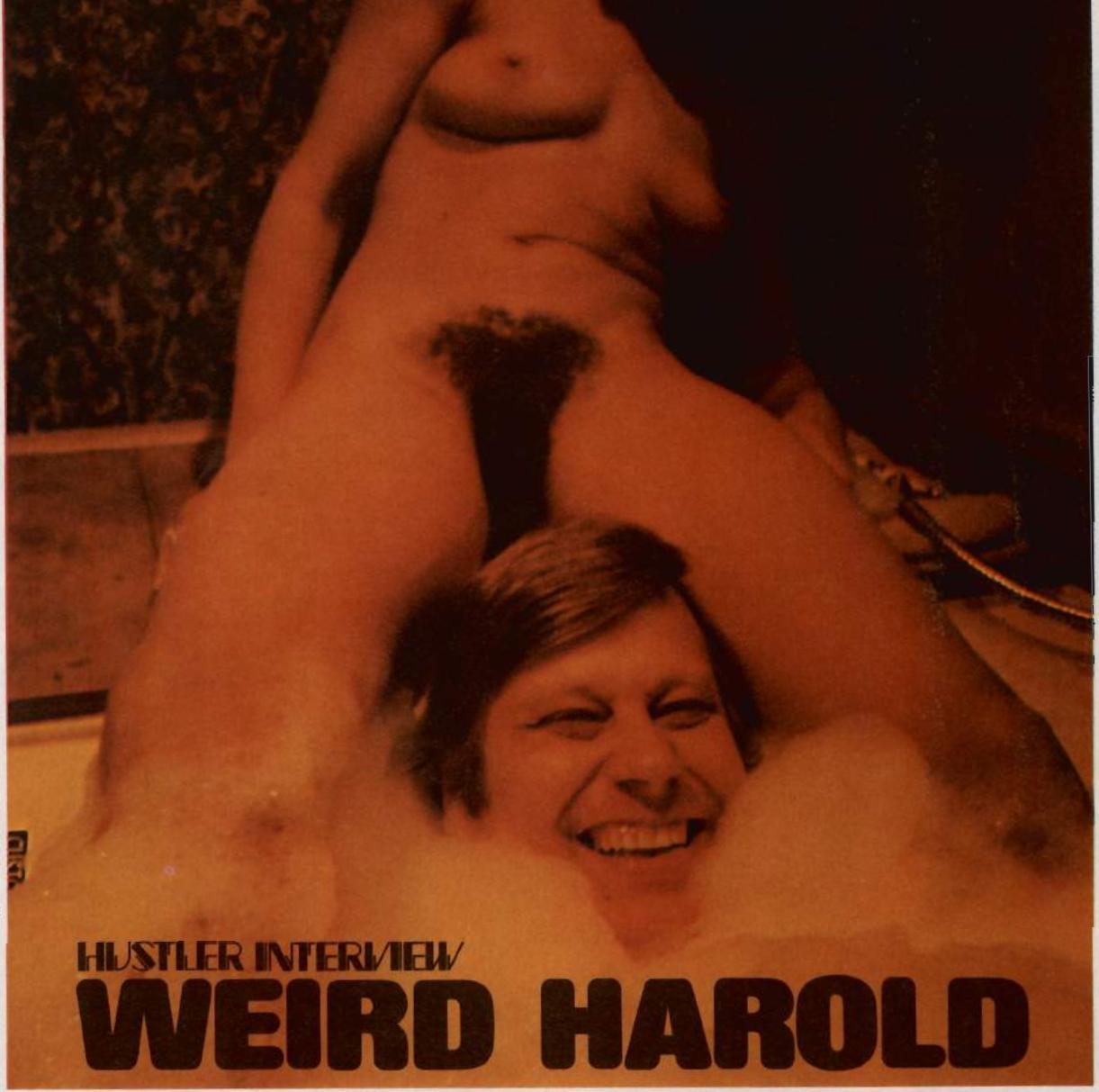
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HUSTLER INTERVIEW

WEIRD HAROLD

For years now the name of Weird Harold has been popping up in the Chicago media as frequently and relentlessly as the erection of a sixteen-year-old super-stud who's been experimenting with Spanish Fly. He's been busted by the vice squad for everything from selling hard-core porn to operating the city's first nude photo parlor.

by Ron Offen

The good citizens look on him as the purveyor of filth and a corruptor of public morals. Newspaper columnists, like Hizzoner Mayor Daley biographer, Mike Royko, are forever quoting him or writing up his south-of-the-loop pleasure parlor. Meanwhile, the traffic in and out of Weird Harold's door increases and includes some of the city's most prominent citizens.

So what is Weird Harold? Some kind of turtive creep who plays off the pathetic needs of others? Or is the only thing weird about him the fact that he's still in business after years of flaunting his brand of sexual freedom in the face of organized opposition from both the

public and private sectors.

The outside of his sex emporium doesn't tell you much—except that he's obviously a guy with a pretty good sense of humor. The storefront is tastefully boarded up with rough-hewn cedar planking into which peep-holes have been bored. If you press your eye to one of those holes you'll see blown-up copies of stories that have been printed about the proprietor, copies of landmark decisions on obscenity, and assorted other memorabilia of Chicago's King of Porn and Pleasure parlors.

But if it's earlier than noon, the heavy door will be locked. And to find Weird Harold, you have to go next door to a Greek greasy-spoon where the self-

styled Wizzard of Oooze eats breakfast.

We caught him there one morning, chortling wickedly over the morning paper, telling his waiter that they'd busted one of his competitors the night before. He gulps down his scrambled eggs and sausage as one of his employee "chicks" spoons a hot chocolate.

"Looks like Lt. Bicek is on the war-path again," he flaps his paper, grinning broadly.

Physically, Weird Harold is chunky, blond and fairly good-looking despite the slight cast in one eye and his chewed-down nails. What attracts your attention to his stubby fingers is a gigantic diamond pinkie ring with 19 diamonds in its custom-made setting that

weighs over three carats.

He's a flat-out natural guy; quick to laugh and quick to flare into sarcasm or anger. He doesn't seem to need or want a mask to hide behind as he talks about the love of his life—the porn business. Every answer he gives is quick and to the point.

But to really get to the essential *Weird Harold*, you have to stroll next door to his own lair and watch his face light up with pleasure and pride as he flips on the light switch and ushers you in. He looks like a kid with his first scale-model Lionel, or a young stud who's telling you about his first piece of ass.

The waiting room is a cornucopia of antiques and nostalgia. In the center is a Milwaukee street lamp shining down on a bumper-pool table. On one wall is an "Irish Mail" scooter, circa 1915, that some Peck's Bad Boy went zooming along on half a century ago. On the other is a sign that says: "We don't prosecute shoplifters, we just break their fucking arms."

A long wall holds magazines and books till it runs into a corner where an ancient phone booth sits. A glass counter overflows with dildos, French ticklers, French sleeves and assorted other sexual devices.

A skinny girl comes from the rear after peeling out of her clothes and shakes her bikinied ass as she makes for the front counter to answer the phone.

Moving back into this chamber of sexual delights, *Weird Harold* shows you his small office with its closed circuit television (for monitoring what goes on in the rooms further back.) Just behind the office is a large room with a whirlpool bath that he pats affectionately. Another room holds a gigantic king-size water bed and is lit by soft lights to highlight its sensual but tastefully selected decorations. Another good-sized room with a smaller bed lies just beyond. Further back is a large room used for nude photography (at \$30 an hour) and after-hours parties with *Harold*, his chicks and select friends. On one end of this room, an old cornice from a building with grotesque figures on it has been fashioned into a fountain lending an air of elegance as it bubbles quietly.

Going back to the front waiting and game room, *Weird Harold* plops himself down, puts his feet up, and looks expectantly...

HUSTLER: You look normal enough.



“

When people call me asking where they can get fucked, I always refer them to Hand-Job George and his Sperm Worms.

”

How come the name *Weird Harold*?

HAROLD: A chick pinned it on me in my wilder days—a "stu" I happened to be balling when I was doing a lot of swinging.

HUSTLER: But what did she mean by it? Was it because she thought you dug strange sexual things, or what?

HAROLD: No, nothing like that. What the hell's weird in terms of sex anyway? It was just that I was a nut; would do anything.

HUSTLER: And you couldn't shake it?

HAROLD: Shake it? Hell, I thought it was such a good name that when I went into the porn business, I flaunted it. I figured it was a name people weren't liable to forget—and I was right. Shit! The name is known all over the world now. They come in here from Asia, Africa, all over the fucking place to meet *Weird Harold*. Now suppose I'd just stuck with my own name—*Harold Rubin*? Sounds like a goddamn Jewish nebbish.

HUSTLER: So you're known all over the world, huh?

HAROLD: That's right. I'm to sex and porn what Schweitzer was to medicine. Some of my regulars call me the Wizard of Ooze.

HUSTLER: But why did you get into porn? Why not some other business; assuming this is strictly a business thing for you?

HAROLD: Well, I'd tried several other things—photography, private investigating—but when I started out in porn about four years ago, I thought that sex was where the big money was. Also, I've got a little bit of the crusader in me. So I wanted to see what I could do to change some of our bullshit laws.

HUSTLER: I heard that you went into porn strictly to spite your father—to embarrass him.

HAROLD: See, I come from a pretty wealthy family; the old man's very conservative. He always used to say about me, "That little son-of-a-bitch will never amount to a goddamn thing, no matter what he does." So now everytime he hears my name on television, radio, or reads it in the paper he's got to eat those words, the bastard.

HUSTLER: Any other personal kicks for you in the business?

HAROLD: Oh yeah, plenty. Satisfaction in knowing that if it weren't for me this town wouldn't be as open as it is. Also, I really get my rocks off sticking it up Lt. Bi-Suck's ass—doing a number on his Sperm Worms, otherwise known as the Vice Squad.

HUSTLER: That's Lt. George Bicek of the Chicago Police Department's Vice Squad you're referring to, I suppose. How do you see him?

HAROLD: Well, as far as Hand-Job George is concerned—and you can quote me—he's the kind of guy that goes home with a dirty book in one hand and jacks-off with the other. When people call me asking where they can get fucked, I always refer them to Hand-Job George and his Sperm Worms.

HUSTLER: What about hand-jobs? Your girls give them here don't they?

HAROLD: Look, I'm not saying what goes on here. And anyway, we refer to it as body language.

HUSTLER: But do you consider hand-jobs against the law?

HAROLD: Not the way I read it.

HUSTLER: How about other so-called illegal activities in places such as yours?

HAROLD: Let's just say that no "plea-

sure spa" or massage parlor—or whatever the fuck you want to call it — can operate without some form of prostitution going on inside it. Now I don't care whether that's fucking or sucking or hand-jobs or whatever. That's simply the way it is.

HUSTLER: So everyone — including yourself — who's operating a place like this in Chicago is doing so illegally?

HAROLD: Don't push me. What I'm saying is that the taxpayers are the only ones who are getting a real fucking from the laws being the way they are.

HUSTLER: How's that?

HAROLD: Shit, man! You know what a great job it is to be on Vice for a cop? It's a one-way ticket to instant prosperity. A guy gets taken off Vice and he acts like his best friend died, 'cause practically every one of those fuckers is on the take. And the other slobs that are in this business in Chicago are willing to pay off and make them rich.

HUSTLER: But not you?

HAROLD: That's right. I don't pay off. I don't have to. I run a clean operation here; I know some pretty influential people and I have a lot of friends in the right places. Probably that's why Lt. Bicek has such a hard-on for me. See, it's like a personal vendetta. But he can't touch me, so it's driving him up the fucking wall.

HUSTLER: What would your solution be for cleaning up the city — in terms of stopping the payoffs?

HAROLD: I've got an alderman working on a plan to put places like mine into districts — like they do in Boston. Make them legal in their own districts.

HUSTLER: Wouldn't that be suicide for a politician—introducing a law like that?

HAROLD: Not really. See the public already accepts porn and massage parlors as a fact of life. By districting them, making them legal, you release a lot of cops from the Sperm Worm Squad for real police work — like stopping guys from massaging each others' heads with tire irons, instead of stopping chicks from massaging guys' joints with Kama Sutra ointment. Look, what's the biggest problem of society today; what everyone's concerned with and talking about?

HUSTLER: I'll bite.

HAROLD: Shit, I'll give you something to bite . . . it's crime in the streets. So get the police off victimless crimes, like porn and prostitution and gambling and on to the job of catching real criminals.

HUSTLER: Is that your final word on the subject?

HAROLD: Ready for the big quote? Here it is: The real losers in suppressing sex and porn are the taxpayers who must foot the bill for supporting legislators, judges, and the Hand-Job Georges of the world whose penis envy has never gone beyond the stage of pre-pubescent masturbatory fantasies.

HUSTLER: Okay. But hasn't the porn business taken a nose-dive in the past year?

HAROLD: Oh, the book business has

old raincoat who comes skulking through the door after looking around to see that no one is watching. Could you comment on that?

HAROLD: Shit! The public has that idea because it's a carry-over from our puritanical past. Sex is dirty, so anyone who is associated with it has got to be also. The fact is, my customers are generally in the middle-income, \$15,000-per-year class, right on up to guys that earn as much as \$200,000-per-year. They include priests, police, politicians, corporation biggies — even rabbis.

HUSTLER: What about the typical age of your customers. The myth is that they're all middle-aged guys.

HAROLD: To a certain extent that's true. But lately, I'm getting more younger guys in, which surprises me.

HUSTLER: How's that?

HAROLD: Well, you figure there are plenty of opportunities for a young guy to get sucked or fucked out there in the street. What does he need me for?

HUSTLER: How do you explain it?

HAROLD: It's this fucking women's lib thing. The male ego is being deflated by these bitches. So he comes here where he can be catered to; get the kind of attention he wants. And I'll tell you, as far as these fucking independent cunts are concerned, I don't have anything to do with them. One of my chicks gets smart-assed with me, she goes right out the door. 'Cause that's one thing I can't stand . . . a smart-assed, stupid cunt who wants to prove she's as good as I am.

HUSTLER: What about other types of customers? Do you get any couples, lesbians, gays?

HAROLD: No fags — maybe some male bisexuals. A few lesbians, and quite a few couples — that's why I got that big king-size bed in the one room; for orgies with couples and one or more of my chicks. Course, it can also be used by a guy with several chicks.

HUSTLER: How do your customers act when they come in? Are they embarrassed or nervous?

HAROLD: Not much anymore. Oh you still get the guy with the exact change who comes in for a magazine or book to take home to jack-off with. You know, he makes a bee-line to the racks, picks what turns him on, then rushes up to the counter with exact change, never looking up or down, and races out of the store.

HUSTLER: Any other things customers

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fallen off some, but I'm not really interested in that anymore anyway. I just carry magazines and films and stuff like that as courtesy items for my customers. If they want them, they're here. But as far as the massage parlor action is concerned, it's on the rise — if you'll excuse the pun. Except for periods like the Christmas holidays, it's pretty steady.

HUSTLER: How many customers go through your pleasure dome here every week? And what are the busiest times of the day, the week or the year?

HAROLD: To the first: I don't give out figures. Just say it makes me a comfortable living (flashes diamond pinkie ring.) As for busy times, I don't spend my time trying to figure that out. I'm really not interested in when my customers get a hard-on, only that they come, if you know what I mean.

HUSTLER: The public has this picture of one of your typical customers as a degenerate, creepy-looking guy in an

do to try to hide their feelings of doing something wrong?

HAROLD: Well, there's the perennial line about the gag gift. Guy comes in and says he wants a gift for a joke or gag, and ends up with a dildo and an assortment of French ticklers. Shit, you know fucking well he's going to use them on his old lady or broad.

HUSTLER: I don't see any whips, chains or boots for the S&M crowd. Why's that?

HAROLD: I'm not into "marital discipline" or whatever they call it. Course, some of my customers dig it and come

pleasure out of a screw with a French tickler or French sleeve? Or is that all bullshit?

HAROLD: Again, depends on the broad. If she digs it, then it's going to increase the pleasure. But the pleasure is in her mind not in what the device does to her clit.

HUSTLER: How about those funny little Japanese balls they put up their vagina? There's been lots of talk about clitoral versus vaginal orgasm, with the consensus being that it's the clitoris that provides the charge for women. How

men or lesbians that use them?

HAROLD: Hell, no. I've used dildos, vibrators, vibrators with French sleeves myself lots of times when I was swinging. See, when the so-called sexual revolution hit, people began experimenting with sensuality . . . trying out new things, doing whatever came into their heads to get their rocks off. Which, as far as I'm concerned, is a good thing. Not only because it's good for my business, but because people should feel free to try whatever they want to when it comes to sex and not have to feel so



in to get their asses turned into raw hamburger by one of my chicks beating them with a belt.

HUSTLER: How about such things as life-sized inflatable dolls? Do you stock them?

HAROLD: No, not that much call for them. I special order items like that if a customer really wants one.

HUSTLER: Yet you have a rubber, life-sized twat complete with simulated pubic hair.

HAROLD: Oh yeah, I sell a few of those.

HUSTLER: What type of customer buys them?

HAROLD: Christ, it could be anybody. Same as dildos, French sleeves, those funny little Japanese balls that women stick up their hole. You see, sex is all in the mind. Different strokes for different folks. For example, I get my rocks off shoving it to Hand-Job George. For someone else it's a latex French sleeve with all those spines on it to slip over his cock.

HUSTLER: But don't women get more

can they get off, then, with these little balls rolling around inside them?

HAROLD: Well, they provide a very subtle sensation. It's very Eastern in the way it works . . . not a big thing, just a strange, erotic feeling. When the clit is stroked after using the balls—they're called Ben-Wa balls, incidentally—it comes on like gangbusters.

HUSTLER: So the clit is the thing that does the job.

HAROLD: Man, all I know is, a swollen clit is a happy slit.

HUSTLER: What's the hottest item in sexual devices right now?

HAROLD: Dildos. Always have been; always will be. Also, vibrators shaped like a cock used with a French sleeve.

HUSTLER: Who buys the dildos? Men or women?

HAROLD: Both. But here it's almost all men. Sometimes they use them 'cause they can't get it up. Or they might just use them on their chick while doing something else to her.

HUSTLER: Then it's not just impotent

tight-assed about it.

HUSTLER: What's the weirdest sexual device you sell?

HAROLD: Your question doesn't make sense. As far as I'm concerned nothing you do sexually which gives pleasure—and let's not get into the metaphysics of pleasure—is weird or unnatural.

HUSTLER: Did you notice any changes in sexual mores over the past year? Are people getting wilder or more straight-laced?

HAROLD: The most dramatic and biggest thing in sex these days is female bi-sexuality.

HUSTLER: How do you account for it?

HAROLD: I'm not sure. You see it in this business and you see it in swinging. Maybe it's because chicks are getting a taste of something new with all the experimenting going on and are liking it. Also, the fucking lib thing probably has something to do with it.

HUSTLER: Do you do much swinging?

HAROLD: No, I really don't have time for it. See, this business is what my sex

drive is channeled into. Also, I could get laid or blown 20 times a day if I wanted to, so I've gotten very selective about who I have sex with.

HUSTLER: Getting back to your troubles with the self-styled protectors of public morality, when did it start? When you opened up Chicago's first hardcore porn bookstore?

HAROLD: No, it was before that. My ex-wife and I were doing some swinging with another couple in a motel out in the suburbs and I was taking movies. All of a sudden, Bam! Bang! the door is busted open and these cops come screaming in like nuts. So they arrested all of us and we sat in jail for a few hours while I got the bond money. Of course, the whole thing was thrown out of court when it came up. The funny thing was, the judge that dismissed the case later married my ex-wife and I. I was so happy and tickled about sticking it up those cops' asses that I had the camera mounted and bronzed. It's still hanging on my living room wall.

HUSTLER: How much do you spend every year on legal fees?

HAROLD: Enough. Let me just say that if I could operate without the harassment of the Sperm Worm squad, I'd gladly donate half of what I earned to something like the Crippled Children's Fund, Cancer Research or some other worthwhile charity.

HUSTLER: How much have you spent in fines since you've been in business?

HAROLD: Not too much. I'm very careful about the way I operate and I run a clean operation.

HUSTLER: How do you screen your customers? I understand that you have to sign in to get into the place, just as in other parlors around town.

HAROLD: Well, the dumb fucks who run those kinds of sleazy establishments are interested only in the fast buck. And so they get nailed — Hand-Job George and his boys come in, set them up or catch one of their girls giving a blow-job, and they're out of business. Not here. We check every piece of identification very carefully and put it on microfilm. And, of course, every customer is a member of my club, which makes this a private club and less liable to get busted.

HUSTLER: But how do you control the girls? Suppose one of them makes a private deal back in one of the rooms to give a fuck or suck?

HAROLD: My friend, nothing goes on around here that I don't know about.

HUSTLER: How's that?

HAROLD: I've got every room bugged, just in case some smart cunt thinks she's going to put one over on me. I can tune in to see what's happening anytime I want to. On top of that everything that goes on is on video-tape. If someone does make a case of something that allegedly went on here, I can show the tape in court.

HUSTLER: With all the troubles you've had on busts of one kind or another over the years I suppose you're not too friendly with the media.

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HAROLD: You're dead wrong. I get on great with the media. In fact, they're not only friendly, but they made me what I am today. Guys like Joel Daly over at Channel 7 — he checks in to see what's happening every so often. Which reminds me, they're supposed to have cameramen out here one day this week for some kind of special on me and the place. And guys like Mike Royko . . . I think he digs me. See, all these guys have been out here personally, seen the place, talked with me and know I run an up-and-up business.

HUSTLER: Is Chicago a good town for porn and parlors?

THE PHILOSOPHER

Better keep yourself clean and
bright; you are the window through
which you must see the world.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

HAROLD: I do a lot of bitching, but essentially it's not bad. Anyway, I can't think of another city where it would be better. Things may be more wide open in New York or Frisco, but the competition in either place will kill you.

HUSTLER: Do you consider yourself the King of Porn and Parlors in the U.S.?

HAROLD: I don't know if I'd go that far. Let's just say that I'm very well known from one coast to the other.

HUSTLER: Is there such a "King?"

HAROLD: Not really. But there are guys in the business I admire . . . like Al Goldstein of Screw. He's done some great things and has some of the same ideas I have. More important, he's been willing to fight for them.

HUSTLER: Didn't he just recently say he's not into sex any more, but is more interested in bad taste?

HAROLD: Yeah, I think so. But you know, whatever turns people on . . .

HUSTLER: What about you?

HAROLD: I already told you, sticking it to Lt. Bicek and running this place . . . knowing that when I started there wasn't anyone in the city that gave me a chance in a million of staying out of jail and still being around to laugh my ass off at them.

HUSTLER: Aren't there any other reputable porn and parlor people in Chicago?

HAROLD: Nah! They're all dumb fucks.

HUSTLER: But couldn't you band together into some kind of association to put your forces together for the common good?

HAROLD: No way. They're all on the payola bit. So, they're going to end up with their titties in the wringer.

HUSTLER: Have you thought of expanding, either here or in another city?

HAROLD: No, I got enough to keep me busy right here. I want a small operation with three or four girls that I can keep my eye on all the time. Also, I'm interested in quality not quantity. With this one place, I can make it the most classy and outstanding parlor in the world.

HUSTLER: How do you hire girls . . . what requirements do you insist on?

HAROLD: Only one: that they have never worked in another parlor previously.

HUSTLER: Then your girls are all virgins, so to speak, when they go to work for you.

HAROLD: Oh yeah! (laughs) But the reason I insist on that is that I want to break them in my way. I don't want them

coming on with some preconceived notions about how to run my business. I come across some bitch like that, her ass goes out the door. I mean, fuck, who needs it?

HUSTLER: What about your personal life? You mentioned you had an ex-wife. Any kids?

HAROLD: Yeah, a boy five years old.

HUSTLER: Do you have custody of him?

HAROLD: That's right, bunky. Another Weird Harold first! That bitch walked out of court with nothing but the clothes

guy that comes in here I call the Bread Man. He's big in the bakery trade and always brings in a few loaves of bread for the girls and me.

HUSTLER: I see from all the stuff around the waiting room that you're really into nostalgia.

HAROLD: I'm into a lot of things... like antiques and nostalgia pieces, coins and various kinds of investments. The nostalgia stuff is for the customers.

HUSTLER: In what way?

HAROLD: Well, you see all this shit around here—the Pulver gum machine,

of broads along with me and just relax and have a ball. Also, I've got a professional Stanley vibrator that's worth its weight in gold.

HUSTLER: Do you ever feel that you're in a business whose days are numbered; that as community standards on sex become more liberal there won't be any demand for porn and parlors and prostitution?

HAROLD: Do you know how long prostitution has been going on?

HUSTLER: Okay, but isn't your business based on the concept of forbidden



she came with when she married me.

HUSTLER: Does your son know what you're into down here?

HAROLD: Sure. He's a smart little fucker. It doesn't bother him that his old man is in porn. After all, it's just another business.

HUSTLER: What were some other Weird Harold "firsts"?

HAROLD: First hard-core porn bookshop in the city... first nude photography studio here... first massage parlor... oh, and first one to shove it up Bicek's ass and make it stick.

HUSTLER: Getting back to your customers, are there any regulars who are more or less famous or prominent people?

HAROLD: Sure. You want their names? (laughs) Good luck!

HUSTLER: Do you have any nicknames for your regulars or certain types of customers?

HAROLD: The chicks probably do. One

the lit-up Standard Oil gas-pump crown, the old Schlitz and Budweiser signs? That's what was going on when most of my customers were growing up or were in their heyday. So it makes them feel at home, something familiar.

HUSTLER: Does the Pulver gum machine work?

HAROLD: Baby, everything around here works!

HUSTLER: What has your best investment been—in terms of your business here?

HAROLD: That beautiful fucking whirlpool bath I had installed. Jesus! I love to get in that thing myself. Get a couple

fruit? That it's exciting mainly because it's somehow evil and immoral?

HAROLD: Sure, you're right to a certain extent. But it's going to be a helluva long time before community standards are raised to be that liberal in outlook. So in the meantime, I'll do very well, thank you.

HUSTLER: If the day ever came when porn wasn't profitable any longer, what would you get into?

HAROLD: Jesus, I don't know. This business is really where I'm at right now. Let's see... maybe the nightclub business.

HUSTLER: How about starting your own magazine?

HAROLD: Nah... I'll leave that to HUSTLER. You people are doing a nice fucking job in that area.

HUSTLER: As usual, no pun intended, I suppose?

HAROLD: (laughs) Don't you get weird on me now!

THE PHILOSOPHER

The farther a man knows himself to be from perfection, the nearer he is to it.

GERARD GROOTE



"TAURUS: You will have hard problems this day, but eventually everything will come out alright."

HUSTLER POWER!

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SCREW

50 CENTS

NUMBER 169



WARNING: Sexual material of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it, or place orders for the merchandise offered herein.

Cover by Tom MacRae

SCREW

AL GOLDSTEIN: DO-IT-YOURSELF SMUT

Smut King Al Goldstein's Milky Way Production offices on West 14th Street in New York City are very professional looking. After all, they do house one of the most circulated pleasure journals in the United States. The office of co-owner Jim Buckley, a 29-year-old millionaire, is lined with palm trees and, befitting the circumstances, various and sundry exotic plants. The modish Buckley sits behind a huge antique desk that one might expect to find in the managing editor's office at The New York Times. Al Goldstein, a mid-fortyish cause célèbre in publishing circles, and the other half-owner, holds court in an office cluttered with racks and racks of vintage French wine bottles, souvenirs, knick-knacks, and a wallful of photostatic copies of his note-worthy press clippings. But, don't let all this mislead you. Goldstein is the Swine of Swines.

by Ellis Nassour with Pat Salvo

Out of breath, Goldstein leaped into the reception area and exclaimed: "I'll be right with ya. I've got to take a fuckin' piss." Yanking his prick back into his pants after his quickie, he was then detained by a long distance call. Without eavesdropping, you can hear that it is Xaviera Hollander of "The Happy Hooker" fame calling from Toronto, her new residence. Hollander has phoned to ask some professional advice. What can she do to make some extra bucks in Canada? Goldstein, an ardent admirer, gives her plenty. "Why don't you hit the street. You're good at that, honey.

Get out there and hustle." Slamming down the phone he belches out: . . . "Just think I knew her when she was doing everybody! God, they've made her book into a movie and it's mopping up and now she's gone and become a porno star herself. Xavier's a nice gal. She knows what she wants and knows how to get it. She's gonna go places. I hope she doesn't get too big-time, tho. . . ." Typical Goldstein.

Goldstein and Buckley, principals of Milky Way Productions, Inc., were arrested in New York on January 23, by Federal (U.S.) Marshals in Manhattan on behalf of the State of Kansas on 13 counts of mailing obscene material — Screw Magazine — across state lines. They surrendered January 31, to au-

thorities in Wichita, Kansas. The trial will be in June. If convicted Goldstein and Buckley could receive up to 65 years in prison and/or a fine of \$650,000 per person.

"Needless to say, we want a change of venue," said Goldstein, "but we probably won't get it. This is a case of entrapment, pure and simple. The seven people in Kansas who subscribe to Screw were all made up names we discovered. Without Nixon there is not much to keep the Feds busy. They're on a make-shift work program. You could call it featherbedding."

Goldstein has also recently written a book, "The Prince of Porn—The Autobiography of Al Goldstein as Told to Al Goldstein" (\$8.95, Lyle Stuart Press).

SCREW

SCREW

which will be published in June.

"The book is a very poignant story of how a romantic, gentle, retiring, Jewish neurotic became the spokesman for his generation," Goldstein said. "It also is the story of how my rod became the match for Linda Lovelace's larynx and how I brought fame and fortune to many others in the passing flesh parade."

Goldstein predicted the next taboo area that will be uncovered in porno films, concerts and nightclubs will be picking your nose. There'll be Pick Your Nose clubs and Pick Your Nose orgies, massage parlors where the models specialize in Pick Your Nose specialties — even Pick Your Nose series on TV.

Milky Way Productions is expanding into "a socially redeeming area in about two months," according to Goldstein. "In addition to *Screw*, *Smut*, and our newsletter "Sex Sense," we will put out a magazine called *Gadget* — that is if we are still around. It's a new venture for us in that it will be non-sexual. The premise will be testing new products going on the mass consumer market. We hope it does better than *Bitch*, our recently folded magazine for women. We suspended publication on that when Jim and I realized that women are not interested in sex. They would just rather get married — and pick their noses. We also folded another paper a few months back — that was *Gay*. We had to stop when we finally realized what faggots really do on the streets of New York, in the bushes, and in the back of trucks. Can you imagine us catering to people like that!"

Screw will continue to occasionally review new gay flicks, he explained, "but that type of crap cinema is just a lot of guys fucking and sucking each other and cum, cum, cum. It really doesn't turn me on. The only really good one is 'Him,' which is really a religious parody."

Goldstein said that the question he is asked most often is "What kind of sex really turns me on? Oh, it doesn't embarrass me. What does? What could? I just like sex and plenty of it. It is a misconception that my office here is a wild sex hangout with pimps doing business and gorgeous gals sucking me under the desk or fucking me on top of the desk. There is a time and place for everything. All I can say is I wish it were true. I wish my offices were half as wild as the *HUSTLER* headquarters in Columbus — the Mini

SCREW



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Clubs. The best sex I ever had was the day I visited *HUSTLER* publisher Larry Flynt in Columbus (Ohio). His people really put out. They really know how to get you laid. The crew there really stays busy. That explains why *HUSTLER* is such a piece of shit, I guess. If they only spent half as much time on the magazine. *HUSTLER* makes my efforts seem so superior!

"The interview *HUSTLER* did with my partner Jim Buckley was the worst piece of shit I ever read. It made Jim appear dumber than he really is. Did I tell you that Buckley is a virgin? Well, he is. But getting back to *HUSTLER* — only in Ohio could so many, so successfully make such a flailing mediocrity out of fine art!"

Goldstein noted that the editorial staff of *HUSTLER* should take themselves seriously, "just as we do here at Milky Way. And you can see where that got us! (Goldstein dared to print the following, and says he will get publisher Flynt a date with Linda Lovelace providing he can "get it up.") But I will say this about Larry Flynt," Goldstein kidded. "He is the best cocksucker I've ever met. I still remember his soft lips on my throbbing cock. And don't forget his brother — what do they call him — oh, yes — 'Hey, Schmuck' — how could I forget him? He had the tightest ass hole I've ever penetrated! They're good guys, tho. Great fellas!"

Not knowing when to take Goldstein seriously, or when he is not just "jerking you off," we attempted to get onto something of another nature: The recent interview in *Playboy* magazine.

"It was garbage, scum, diarrhea," he said with an up and down movement of his hand. "Don't get me wrong, tho, I have the greatest respect for Hugh Hefner and his publication. It is a magazine of great quality, especially in the writing department. He knows how to spend money to make money. People kill themselves to get an article in the *Playboy* fiction section. But as far as the interview goes I think Hugh believes he really did me a favor in doing the piece. All it did, however, was flesh out a stereotype of the American pornographer. There were no complexities. There was no depth to me. I came off like some cartoon character."

What does Goldstein think of the Mafia and various underground elements ripping off pornographers by bootlegging prints of skin flicks?

"Well, we had that experience with our movie 'It Happened In Hollywood,' so I can speak from experience. They are the lowest of the low. All they are doing is biting the hand that feeds them."

When you glance into Goldstein's overcrowded office your eyes run right to a red, white and blue ceramic (done up in the stars and stripes) that looks somewhat like a rocket ship. Upon closer inspection you realize, however, that the astronauts climbing the ladder are not heading for their Apollo craft but into the head of a giant penis. "One blast-off is as good as another," Goldstein chuckles. As you walk into the offices from the elevator there is a front page from the June 25th "New York Post" hanging on the inside door. The super boldface headline reads: DEAN VS. NIXON, but in place of John Dean's photo there is a picture of a mustachioed youth, nude except for his open shirt, masturbating. And amidst the electric typewriters, the art boards in the advertising department and the file cabinets, sexual contraptions such as dildos line the walls.

Although Buckley is an equal partner, and editor of *Screw*, The World's Greatest Newspaper, Goldstein as executive editor has been in the limelight most often. On such occasions it has been for his tireless defense of the philosophy that mature, consenting adults have the right to do — to read — to fuck, suck, masturbate or whatever they like, in the privacy of their homes, automobiles, boats, or cabins by the lake. Goldstein is proud of his run-ins with the law (over the doorway to his office is a huge blowup showing a handcuffed Goldstein being led away by the morality squad) and of his open defiance of the courts' rulings on the ban of hard-core pornography.

To show exactly what *Screw* thought of the new porno dictums passed down by the Supreme Court, in a recent issue there was a two-page spread called *Screw's Do-It-Yourself Smut Law* which featured lavish photos of what is now taboo.

"I guess you can tell (Supreme Court Justice) Burger that we are now introducing an educational format!" laughed Goldstein as he ran around his office packing for a trip to Europe. "And if he tells you 'I thought they always had one,' — well, you can give him a message from me! Go Fuck yourself!"

SCREW



SCREW

Screw, the recently published *Smut* and the newsletter *Sex Sense* are not for the squeamish who are easily disturbed or shocked by sexual explicitness. On the other hand, *Screw* has probably been very much responsible for the loss of hangups among young adults in New York, the sex capital of the world ("I don't care what anybody says"). One magazine noted that Milky Way products should not be missed by adults — "They will do more to brighten their day and their lives than three quarts of Geritol, Hugh Hefner or anything Walt Disney could ever have invented." At any rate, the publications have added to the general air of sexual permissiveness in New York—and have been a main factor in a decrease of male and female virgins and an upswing in the number of unmarried couples living and fucking together "in sin — wonderful, glorious fuckin' sin!" as Goldstein describes it.

You can talk about Denmark and Sweden all you want, but no matter where in the world you go, you won't find more porno movie theatres or peep show grind machines or book stores than Uptown, Downtown, Eastside, Westside Manhattan.

A lot of these pleasure peddlers owe their very existence to the amazing success *Screw* has achieved on a market flooded with poor imitations.

Goldstein and Buckley take themselves quite seriously — but never at the expense of failing to laugh at themselves.

"Our work here is multi-faceted," says Goldstein. "We slave away each day in our sweatshop of sex to subvert morality in America — radiating prurience, and spittle dribbling from our deviate chins. At least that's our judicial and public relations story — after all, everybody has to have a story. I mean, we do have an image to maintain." Tongue (ahem) in cheek? Not at all. "We have tried to remain unique in our four-and-a-half years of existence." (Goldstein rambles as he putses about the office like a cock without a head finalizing an issue that must go off to the printer.)

"The lens we use reflects exactly what it sees — total truth. Burger and all the old farts of America can say what they want, but the proof's in the pudding. They are not looking at the times in which we live. Things have changed. It's not 1953 anymore — it's not even 1973. Here we deal with our failures in

life—and the failures of the sexual revolution. We don't just print a point of view but rather a reflection of our sexual evolution. Our motto is *fuck others as you'd like to be fucked yourself.*"

"Screw fails when it has redeeming value," the editor went on, "because we then play right into the hands—and right along with the rules—of the establishment. A hard-on has its own damn redeeming value! We're smut—and we're the first to admit it. But we're great smut! And what in the world is wrong with smut? We're proud of being dirty, filthy, irreverent and also honest—and occasionally even truthful. Screw is no more, no less, than any other newspaper. Now the (New York) 'Daily News' might not go along with that statement, but we mean our information. And there are various uses for our pages. I won't tell you what some people probably do with it, but others jerk off while looking at it. Still others might wrap their fish in it. Each person provides his own seeds. What I'm trying to get at is that we think we're healthy."

And, though they are not doing badly, they would be quite, quite wealthy today—if it were not for the many court actions brought on Milky Way by the Post Office Department and the various challenges brought on the Post Office by Milky Way.

The United States Postal Service has denied Screw Second Class Postage rights on the grounds that the paper is obscene. Goldstein says the Government is trying to wreck them economically, but he harbors no hate for anyone. The battles have been far from uphill but he is confident that he will win. The Government is confident he will not.

Screw is also not available in Canada and other countries from legitimate sources because, as Goldstein puts it, the "Canadian customs officials are puritans who are frightened of sex and the sexual revolution." However, copies are bootlegged in.

There are probably more enemies than allies on the Milky Way sidelines—and there seems to have been more tackles than fumbles in its myriad of foes. However, they have managed survival where others would have given up. Both Buckley and Goldstein agree and admit that their stand has been on principle.

The average weekly circulation (newsstand and subscription) for Screw is 110,000 (\$32 a year by mail



or 75¢ on the street). A *Time* magazine could not survive on such a circulation, but as the editors will quickly point out, they are not a *Time* magazine—and neither do they pay the salaries or the high rental or have the overhead of such a publication. And they do not exactly strive for quality. But, believe it or not, some seeps through.

The cover caricatures are always diverting and the headlines quite clever (though the stories beneath them rarely live up to them); however, there are the "lewd and vulgar and quite illegal" photographs that set the magazine apart from any other. And some very clever special features, such as Goldstein's guide to the merit of porno films. This is a phallic measuring device called the Peter-Meter—the better the film, using Goldstein's standards, of course, the more erections from 1-4, 4 being tops. Then there is the paper's rating key to the health and leisure spas, topless bars, burlesque houses, both stag and gay films, model studies, and gay sauna baths—one to four phallic symbols (one means "not recommended—you get the least for your money" whereas four is "Screw's Oscar—the ultimate of its kind available.")

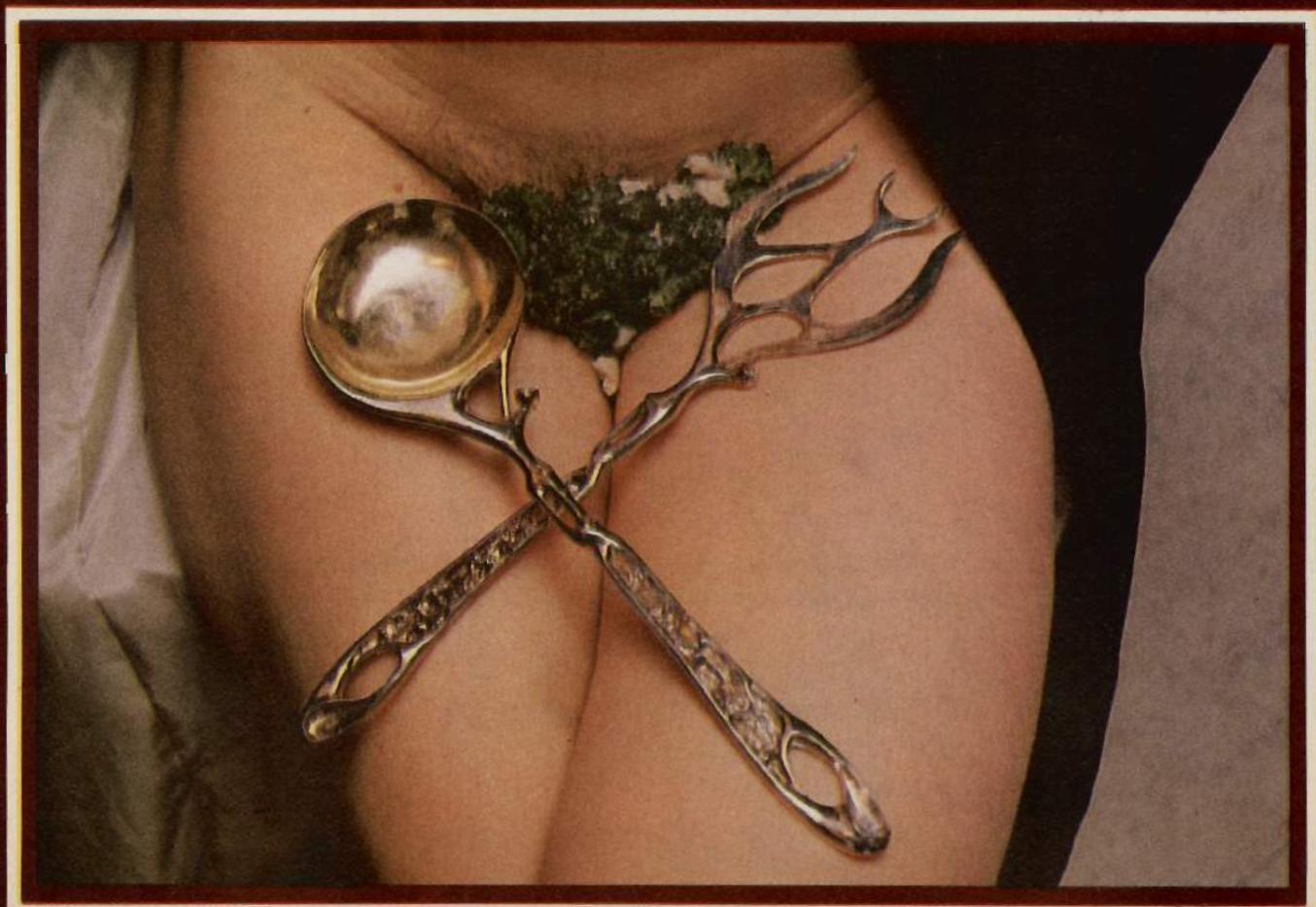
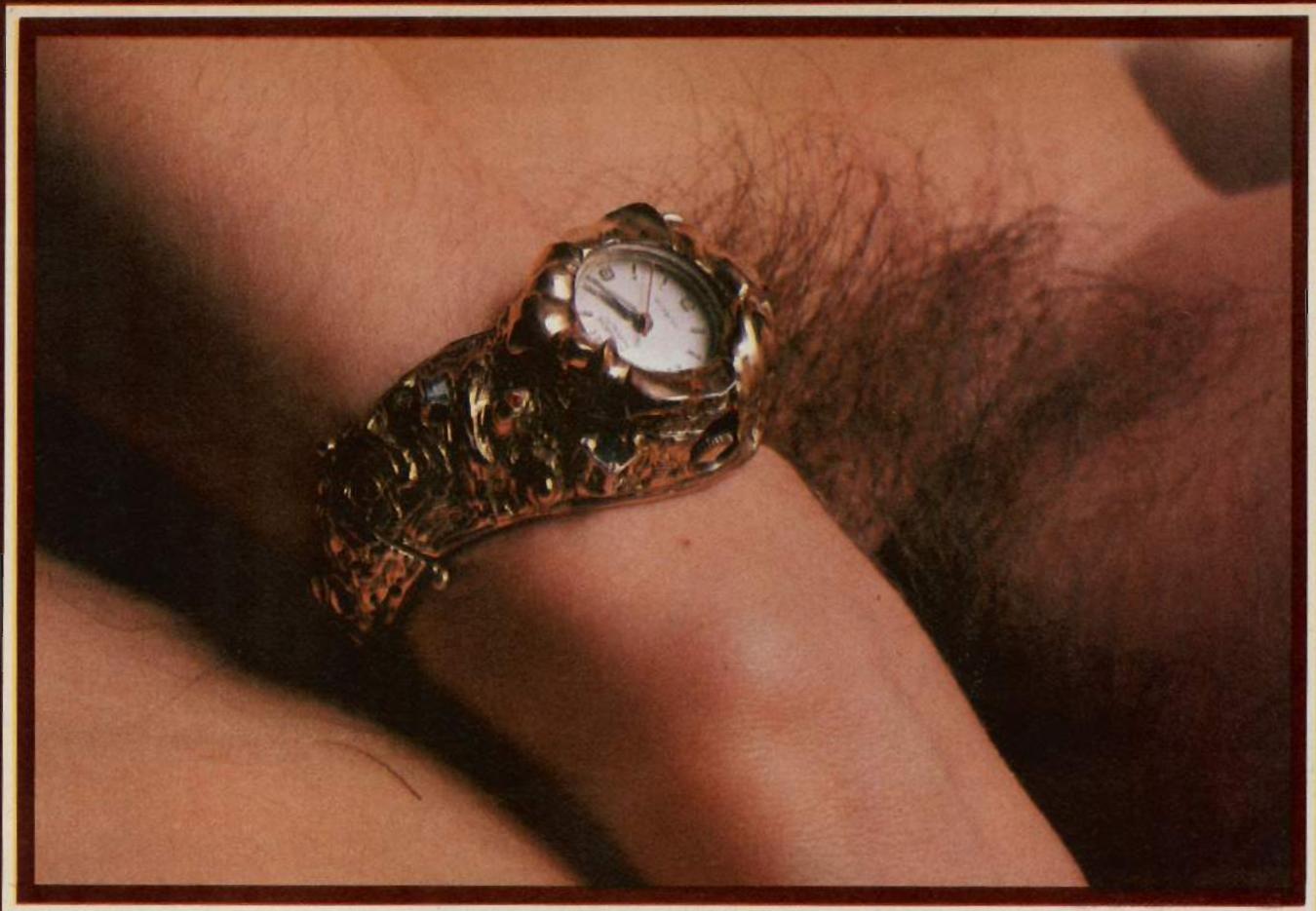
And then there are the personal ads. A sampling: "TRY ME, YOU'LL LIKE ME! I'm a blond, buxom & beautiful ex-masseuse who wants to come & pamper you. I know what real man wants & have many friends—BREAKFAST IN BED at my discreet eastside studio offers delicious tasties-morning, noon & night. Brunch from 11 am to 1 pm. Lunch from 1 pm to 4 pm. Dinner from 5 pm to 2 am. Call: Liz. You can also have your choice of blood or cum-stained panties for \$20." These are usually sucker ads.

There are, in addition, advertisements (none of which Screw guarantees to be bona fide—and most of them are not, but Screw does warn its readers before they part with their money) for all kinds of sexual devices and aids, including the "auto girl," an inflatable (37-23-36) that is available in three types. The \$23.95 deluxe version, complete with "life-like, soft vagina, with or without hair," stands in Goldstein's office.

As I get up to leave, the dirty old man asks with a sly grin if it was a satisfying interview. As I nod my head and make a quick exit, you can hear Al Goldstein mumbling to himself, "Another satisfied customer." 

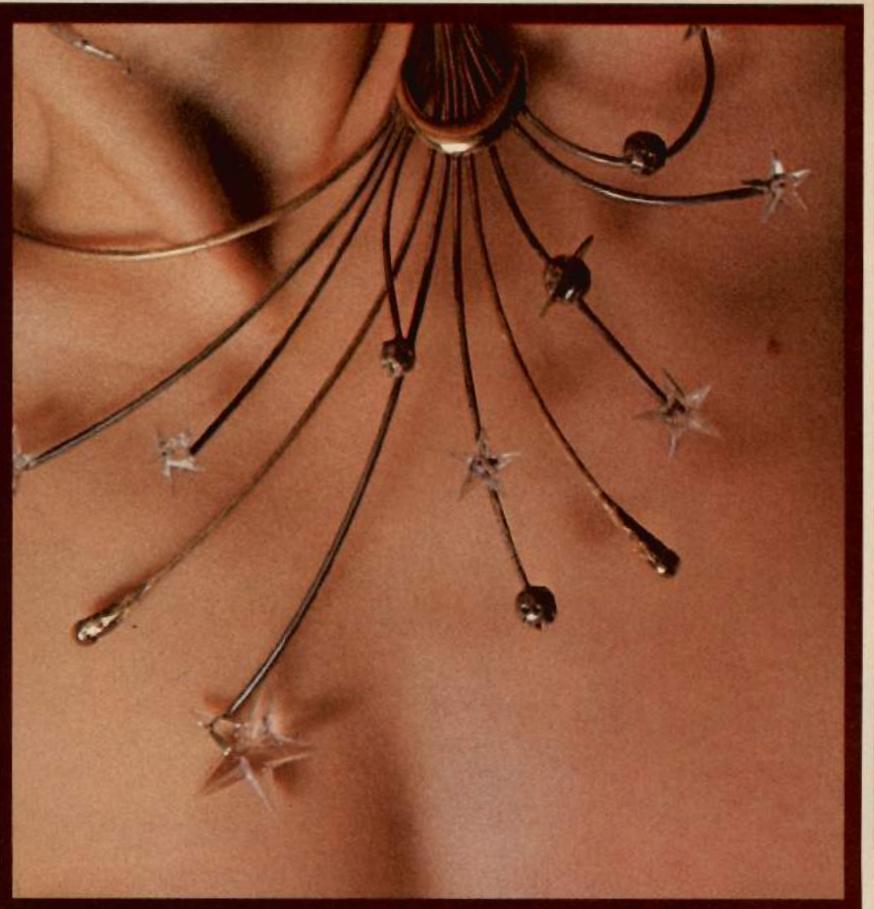


GDILD. SCHWEIER.
DIAMONDS...



Jewelry by Canneto

If you didn't know what to give her to get into her pants after that last mad week-end, we think HUSTLER's selections of jewelry from designer Canneto might be just the right key to unlock her treasures, again. Canneto works in gold and silver as casually as most of us drive to work. The gems he uses come from around the world. He chooses them himself from dealers in Amsterdam, Tel Aviv and New York. And to his credit, Canneto won the Israeli National Diamond Design Award, in 1971. Included in this series, a phallic Chinese serpentine belt buckle, (opener), styled gold watch bracelet, a cold meat fork and serving spoon (set), the SCORPIO necklace for believers, and the Star-Star earring which was inspired by Mick Jagger's "Star-Star" cut from the Goat's Head Soup LP. Each piece is an original. For the information of interested Hustlers, prices start at \$125.





ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE?

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KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,500 words in length.

by Jason Marcello

I guess I first realized I had a big rod when I started comparing it with other guys in locker rooms during junior high school. Mine was just a lot longer and wider than theirs. I never thought there was any big deal to it, though. I mean, I never let it go to my head or anything. Anyone could've been born with a big cock.

In fact, I think at first I was embarrassed that it was so big. Sometimes I'd get a hard-on, and this incredible bulge would stick out from my crotch. I'd have to sit down and hide it where no one could see.

I was a fairly big guy, and a good athlete. When I was a sophomore, I was quarterback of the varsity football team. All the girls started digging me. I guess it was just my fate that I was going to get laid a lot.

I come from this small town in the South of about 30,000. I don't want to mention the town or even the state, because I don't want someone who might be from there to start figuring out who

any of the girls are I'll be talking about.

During my sophomore year I started dating a girl in my class. She was pretty and popular, one of two sophomore cheerleaders. We started petting pretty heavy, and I'd sort of roll my thumbs around her nipples until they got real hard. Sometimes I'd take her hand and put it on my cock, but she'd immediately move it.

Then one night after a big game, where I'd scored three touchdowns, we were parked out in our favorite place. I fondled her tits and then started going up her cheerleader skirt. I'd just get my hand on her mound when she'd move it. So I put her hand on my hard cock and held it there. Finally, she started moving up and down a little on her own.

I moved my hand quickly between her legs and got up under her panties. I almost died when I felt how wet she was. She gasped, and her legs automatically spread. I grabbed her panties and pulled them down her legs. She tried to say no, but I pulled my cock out

of my pants and drove it between her legs. I pushed and shoved and she started whimpering and crying, and I thought it was going to never go in. I pried her legs far apart, though, and pushed with all my might. The head of my cock barely went inside her, so I moved it in and out until I came. It was a messy job, but I figured it was better than nothing.

She didn't want to fuck anymore after that, so I figured, hell, who needed her. She hadn't had the greatest goddam pussy in the world, anyway. So I broke up with her and started dating girls I knew would put out. I'd had enough of the virgin scene already.

The next weekend I went out with Sherry, who I'd heard had even gang-banged a carload of guys one night. We went to a drive-in movie and started making out. When I got three fingers in her cunt, I knew it was going to be a pretty good fuck.

She didn't try to resist me too much, she just spread her legs for me. Then when she saw my cock she closed them

again and starting sitting up.

Her eyes were open wide, like she'd never seen a goddamn cock before. I told her it wouldn't kill her. Still, even though she was no virgin, it took some pushing and shoving to get inside of her. She was very tight on me, and I came pretty fast. Monday at school she was still limping around a little.

By the time I was a senior I'd already fucked most of the fuckable girls in my class, and I'd screwed the best ones in the lower grades, too.

Everyone knew about me, of course, since I was the star quarterback and all. Then I heard that a freshman girl had the hots for me. I didn't even know who she was, but the first time she was ever pointed out to me I knew we could probably do some business together. She was beautiful! Long black hair, shapely legs, pretty eyes. She looked sweet, like the way you'd want your kid sister to look.

By this time I was tired of the snobby girls in my class, so I asked this freshman, whose name was Vicki, for a date. I took her to a movie, then figured I'd find out how hot her hots were, so I took her out and parked.

She started talking about stuff like how she liked hearing the wind in the trees and the crickets chirping and how beautiful the moon and the stars were and other crap like that. I said sure baby, and then I pushed her dress up to the tops of her thighs to see what she would do.

She just looked down at her legs and then over at me to see what I would do next. She didn't really seem thrown off guard like I thought she would. Up between her thighs I could see the white expanse of her panties, glistening in the moonlight. I could even see little curls of pubic hair around the edges. Suddenly I got more aroused than I'd been in my life.

When I started kissing her, she didn't stop me. She let me play with her boobs and stick my finger in her pussy a little. She even laughed when I put my finger to my nose to smell it. One of the things I liked about her was her sense of humor.

When I tried to fuck her, though, she wouldn't let me. She said she knew she was just a freshman nobody while I was a hotshot senior quarterback, but that didn't mean she had to roll over on her back like a screwing machine.

Hell, I thought, who needed this? I guess I was pretty spoiled by then, because I'd fucked lots of girls, and I

didn't waste time with those who didn't put out. I drove her home and said see ya, and she sweetly said bye.

Soon after that I ran across a goldmine. There was this girl Paula, twenty, who'd gotten married a couple of years before and her husband was serving duty in Vietnam. She lived alone in a small apartment not too far away from me. I ran into her one afternoon when she was struggling with some bags of groceries, and I offered to help her carry them. She seemed glad to get the help, and she also recognized me.

When we were alone in her apartment she started looking at me funny, and I felt the old attraction start churning. I just walked over and kissed her, and she kissed back and pressed her cunt against me. I slipped my hand under her dress and finger-fucked her a while, slushing and sloshing in and out like crazy. Juice poured out of her so much that her panties got so wet they looked like they'd fallen in the tub.

She must have been horny, with her husband gone and all, so I took her to the bedroom and stripped us both. I was a few years younger than her, but I'd had enough experience that I knew damn well what I was doing.

Paula couldn't believe her eyes when she saw my cock. She liked it, though. She took it in her hands and tried to get it all in her mouth. I fucked her mouth for a while, but I told her to stop or I would come. Then she laid back in the bed and spread her legs wide open, as far as they could go. I could see the lips of her pussy and the hole. I can remember even now how pink and wet it was.

She moaned with pleasure when I stuck myself inside of her. Then she started bucking back and forth like she'd gone mad. None of the high school girls I'd ever fucked knew how to move like that. It felt fantastic to me! The whole time she kept talking about how big I was and how good it felt. I fucked her for a long time before she



finally came. Then she wouldn't stop coming! She must have come four or five times before I finally came myself.

Before I left, Paula told me she wanted to see a lot of me. That was fine with me, and I went back and fucked her plenty of times after that. She turned me on to lots of different positions I hadn't tried before, and we made a regular circus out of her bed. We kept it up until her husband came back to the States. Now they're living happily together, and I'm sure he'd never guess how eagerly or how often his wife fucked this big cock while he was gone.

The summer after I graduated I got a job driving a truck to New Orleans and back. That was a very interesting summer for me. For one thing, I toted my rod down to Bourbon Street to see the strip shows. I decided I wanted to fuck a stripper, so I picked out a young cute one and asked her between shows if I could see her later. She said if I saw her later we could talk about it.

So later I went to talk to her and she said she could go out with older guys for lots of money. Not that she was a prostitute or anything, she said, but they just gave her lots of money as presents because it made them feel important and sexy to be going out with a young good-looking stripper. I told her I didn't know about money, but I had something else just as interesting if she wanted to give it a whirl. I don't know why she did, but she decided to go out with me.

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**Her eyes were wide open,
like she'd never seen a
goddamn cock before.**





We had a couple of drinks, and then she took me over to her apartment, which was nearby in the French Quarter. She said she had a roommate who was also a stripper, who was working at the time.

We played around for a while, and then I told her I really wanted to fuck her. Again she asked me if I had any money. I told her I didn't, but I took my cock out of my pants so she could get a good look at it. She gulped and said it was about the biggest she'd ever seen. I asked her if she wanted to try it out, or if she was still only interested in money.

A few minutes later she was riding on top of me. She knew how to work her pussy and her hips up and down, and it was one of the best fucks I ever felt. Her pussy was wet and slippery and big, and I figured she'd probably been fucked millions of times. Finally she started coming. Her eyes started rolling back in her head, and she leaned backwards so far I thought she'd break my cock off.

I held on to her hips and rammed her hard. She started moaning that it was hurting, but for some reason I didn't care. She'd been so snooty just because she was a stripper. For a while I just plunged into her, and then suddenly I took my cock out of her, laid her on the bed, and stuck my cock in her mouth. It had her pussy juice all over it, and I told her to suck it until it was clean. She started gasping and choking

and then I started coming and spurted my juice down her throat. She was still trying to swallow it all up when I finally took my cock out. Well, I thought, I'd fucked a stripper.

The next fall I entered the local State University on a football scholarship. I was going to be the starting quarterback on their freshman team.

The first thing I learned in college was that college girls fucked much more eagerly than high school girls. You didn't have to talk them into it. You just told them when and where.

I must have fucked about twenty different girls that year, which was supposed to be pretty good for a freshman. I also got a reputation for having a big dick, and some chicks seemed to think it was quite a challenge just to see if they could get it inside them. So I was in the strange position of having girls seducing me.

During spring training I was preparing to be the varsity quarterback the following fall. They said I had more talent than any guy they'd ever had for the position. Then through a freak accident, I busted up my knee. They tried to operate and get it back in condition, but it was hopeless. I'd never play football again. Since my grades were pretty shitty, too, I ended up dropping out of school and going back home.

I was really depressed for a while since it seemed like my whole future had abruptly come to an end. Since I would no longer be a football star, I wasn't anyone's hero anymore. I got a job driving a truck and delivering things. I got an old one-room apartment near the outskirts of town. I figured I'd dedicate the rest of my life to drinking and fucking.

I started guzzling beer like it was water, and I brought as many different chicks to my pad as would come.

There was Carolyn, who worked as a salesgirl in one of the department stores. She had hips just like you find on the girls in this magazine. I brought

her home one night and we fucked all night long — literally. We started fucking soon after we got there, and after we'd come we rested for a while. Then we'd start fucking again, and that's the way it went until dawn.

Carolyn came over a lot, too, and we spent almost all our time fucking. Honestly, I don't remember anything else we ever really did. I guess we both liked fucking a lot, and she said my big dick really felt good to her, so we just screwed. We must have got it on at least four or five times a night every time we were together. We'd probably still be fucking if Carolyn hadn't wanted to settle down. Today she's happily married and the mother of a baby boy. I sometimes wonder if she and her husband fuck until dawn the way we used to.

The women came and went, the beer went in and out, and the years passed. Then one day I was looking at the local sports page and there was a picture of the local high school homecoming queen. She looked familiar to me, so I looked closer. It was Vicki! Little Vicki who'd had the hots for me, but who wouldn't fuck.

A few weeks later I was driving through town and I saw a gorgeous chick with long black hair and long tanned legs wearing hot pants. It was Vicki. I stopped and gave her a ride. I learned that she'd broken up with her boyfriend. When I asked her for a date, she smiled and said okay.

Being with Vicki made me feel different than I'd felt in a long time. It caused me to remember some inner part of myself I'd practically forgotten about. I guess I'd started thinking of myself as a walking cock, but Vicki reminded me I was a person, too.

She didn't want to go up to my apartment with me on that first date. I guess I respected her a lot or something, so I didn't press the issue. She continued dating me, though, and finally on our fourth date we went to my place.

She was wearing these tight shorts, and I could clearly see her pussy through the material. We started kissing and I began fondling her, but she pushed my hand away when I went for her pussy. She informed me she was still a virgin.

Shit, it was the first time I remembered being with a virgin since the last time I'd been with her. I'd never wanted to come up with another one. Virgins and my dick never went together.

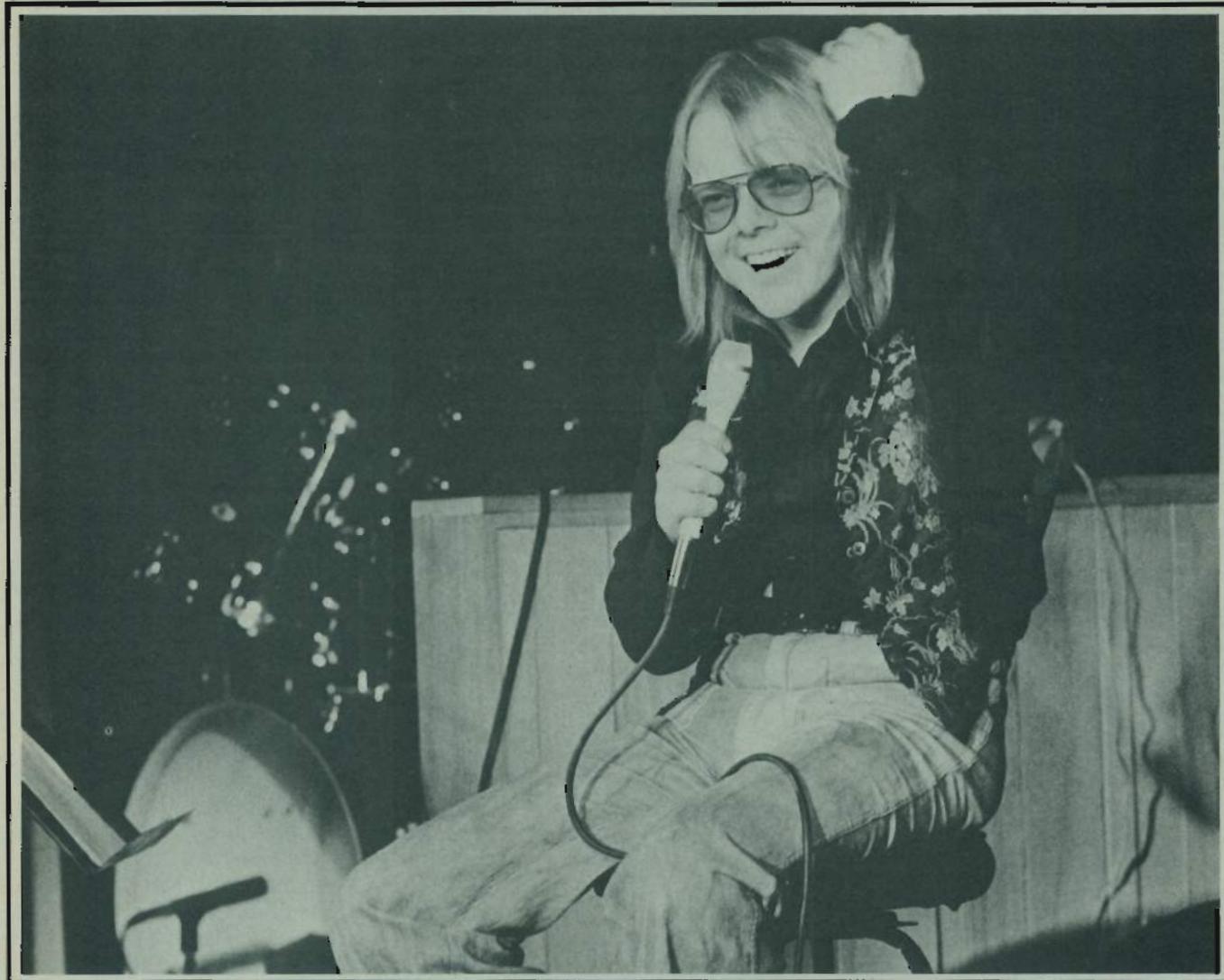
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Virgins and my dick never went together.



PAUL WILLIAMS



HUSTLER PROFILE

Paul Williams, standing less than five-feet tall in custom made platform shoes, is an industry giant and a household name. What is it about one's size in this crazy world of show business that seems to be inversely related to success? Standing next to John Lennon, David Bowie, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor can be a shattering experience. Did Joel Grey always sing a little bit louder to compensate for his "shortcomings?" Is that why Elton won't settle for anything but extraordinary extravaganzas? If the Bible proclaims that the meek shall inherit the earth, we observe that the "little people" among us are destined to be our superstars (Tamara Dobson excluded) . . .

Is Paul's height a motivation for becoming successful? Does he have a "Napoleonic Complex?"

"Well," Williams asserts, "Probably. The fact that I want to take over — yes! I think we all do. I think that everybody has one — a Napoleonic Complex. I mean, Bill Medley of the Righteous Brothers (six-foot plus) has one. I don't think it's something that you have to limit to short people. We all have it."

"The only thing that's good about my height," he explains, "is my making an occasional joke about it that will sometimes relax an audience. That's why I do it."

For instance: "I wanted desperately to be an actor. I was gonna be the John Garfield of the '60s, but I looked too much like Hayley Mills."

And . . . "I always wanted to do parts like John Wayne, but could you imagine the sheriff riding into town on a pony!"

However, anyone who is 35 years old and still looks 11 has to be a character. The "Mickey Rooney of the '70s," Williams has always had to struggle with his height. "I avoid the term midget," he now laughs. "I'm a hobbit."

Having moved often with his family, Paul "got used to being the new kid in town and usually the smallest."

"I fought my way through seven grade schools, three junior highs, and two high schools. I made a living getting beat up!"

On his favorite topic: "What an ego trip it was for me when platform shoes came in style," he said, adjusting his oversized eyeglasses. "For the first time in my life I was face to chest with people. Before that I was only belt level!"

Pursuing his acting career was no easy feat. "Hollywood was about three years away from accepting Michael J. Pollard back then . . . and I was ugly compared to Pollard."

About his role as Virgil, the orangutan war counselor in "Battle for the Planet of the Apes," the good-humored blond smiles, "I just did it so I could go on the Johnny Carson show dressed up like an ape and sing 'Here's That Rainy Day.' I guess I'm always gonna get those kinds of parts."

On his latest film effort, "Phantom of the Paradise," the songwriter/singer/actor was at one point cast to play the role of the Phantom. "But," he told us,

"I recognized that somehow it wouldn't work to have such a little person trying to be a terror."

He sings, "I know I'm no Cole Porter, I'm noticeably shorter," in "You Know Me."

Williams is no youngster. His late success was sudden and monumental.

He is the composer of such million-selling hits as: "Rainy Days and Mondays" (recorded by the Carpenters); "Just An Old Fashioned Love Song" (recorded by Three Dog Night); and

"Out In The Country" and "Family of Man." Williams scored and sang the title songs for three Movie of the Week features on ABC. He scored the pilot and sang the title song for Ted Bessel's television show, not to mention singing and writing the lyrics to the soundtrack of "Cinderella Liberty," for which he was nominated for an Academy Award ("So Nice To Be Around.")

"I never thought we'd have a chance of winning because of its success," Paul snickered.

“
Marriage is a great institution . . . that is, if you don't mind being institutionalized.
”

"We've Only Just Begun" (the song that has practically become the official wedding song.)

"We added a verse and finished it up a bit to make it a real song. And then we didn't think much more about it. Now 'We've Only Just Begun' ranks as the only bank commercial (originally written as a commercial jingle for the Crocker Banks) ever to be a runaway hit."

For Williams, it was the start of a runaway career. He is also known for



Born in 1940, in Omaha, Nebraska, Paul was the second of three children, both taller than himself. His father, who stood 6'2" and was one of the architects for Boys' Town, kept the Williams family moving around the country for most of Paul's boyhood. He always tried to make the best of it, in accordance with his good humored nature. "When I finally graduated from high school," he now jokes, "the coach took my basketball gym shoes and bronzed them. And even today," he giggles, "they are

still hanging . . . from his rearview mirror."

When Paul was just 13, his father was killed in an automobile crash. The untimely death split the family. Paul moved West to Long Beach, California, to live with an aunt and uncle until he was 18.

Despite his aforementioned image problem, Williams broke into film acting, but not before doing less gratifying stints as a set painter and a stunt parachutist. Finally, after playing a "punk kid" delivery boy in a Parson's Ammonia commercial, Williams found his acting niche. In 1964, at the age of 24, he was cast as the ten-year-old, eccentric, boy genius, Gunther Fry, in Tony Richardson's madly funny version of Evelyn Waugh's "The Loved One." There he was, 24 years old, playing a kid 14 years his junior. And another "punk kid" character at that. Gunther, who successfully launches a dead poodle into space for the ultimate pet funeral had been expelled from Cal Tech for trying to disassemble its atomic reactor and take it home with him.

"The funny thing about the film," Paul jokes, "was that I didn't even have to raise my voice that much."

In 1965, Williams graduated to a role in "The Chase" with Marlon Brando, where he played a "punk kid" named Seymour. The shooting took five months, and it was while on the set that Paul scratched out his first songs. Borrowing a guitar, he wrote simple chorded songs in his dressing room, trying to copy Bob Dylan with infinite-verse protest songs.

Paul admits, "I loved Dylan's lyrics, I loved his images and everything. I had trouble writing protest songs because I didn't have anything to protest — that made it rather difficult. I knew maybe three chords then, for all 59 verses. Of course, I started collaborating with people who had a little more musical knowledge than I did. And I began writing lyrics to other people's melodies."

In 1967, Williams married, only to be divorced two years later. He likes to quote the vaudeville line, "Marriage is a great institution... that is, of course, if you don't mind being institutionalized."

This fall he was remarried at Reno, in a quiet double-ring ceremony to Katy Clinton, 25, a former model. The wedding took place during his engagement at Harrah's. "Don't Fence Me In" was the tune the couple requested as their

wedding theme. Williams says, "There's no such thing as marriage. That piece of paper means nothing to either of us, but it'll mean something to our kids if we have them." Though publicly outspoken, the private Williams insists, "My last refuge is my home life, and my marriage is one of the most personal things to me. Those are the two things that I would least like to talk about."

Affluence has allowed the Williams' to purchase the Bugatti sports car used in the film, "Isabella."



Williams lives in the mansion once occupied by Peter Lorre and Orson Welles. There he often writes songs, tucked in a corner at his miniature piano which he bought after it was spirited away from the old Brill building — New York's famed Tin Pan Alley.

Paul's home, according to the Hollywood hoards, is "gorgeous." It is elegantly furnished with expensive antiques. Dark colors and carpeted walls carry throughout the house. The

master bathroom is completely mirrored, except for an adjacent and lavish sauna. Estimated cost of Williams' version of modern living — about \$3 million.

Williams was introduced to social comedian Mort Sahl, and soon began writing his sketches. It was during this period that Williams met composer Roger Nichols. For three years Williams and Nichols provided hit songs for recording artists on most of the major record labels: from Tom Jones to Tiny Tim; Andy Williams to Dionne Warwick; Johnny Mathis to the Monkees. Hundreds of albums contain their tunes.

In September of 1970, Paul broke into the singles market with two hits at the same time. He and Nichols wrote "Out In The Country," which hit the charts when it was recorded by Three Dog Night. During this period, the Crocker Bank began casting about for someone to write a song tailored to a commercial, the theme of which was a young couple just starting their life together — with Crocker Bank making it a threesome. Paul and Roger weren't the first choice songwriters, but they did it anyway. The song "We've Only Just Begun" has, to date, been recorded by more than 100 different artists. High schools and colleges all over the country have used it as their yearbook theme.

"I was an out-of-work actor," remembers Paul. "I'd sit home waiting for the phone to ring, watching afternoon soap operas. My whole involvement in the music business was an accident. I was bored with the soaps and started to write songs while waiting for the phone.

"I wrote my own tunes because I couldn't sing anyone else's. One day Mort (Sahl) asked me to write some lyrics for a comedy song which was composed by a guy named Biff Rose. We called it 'Fill Your Heart.'"

"Fill Your Heart" may not have been the kind of song one hears people humming at the bus stops, but it made Williams a small fortune — it was the flipside of Tiny Tim's "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" and, inadvertently, earned Paul his first gold record.

He had another unexpected gold record with "What Will They Say," the flip side of "I Am Woman," which catapulted Helen Reddy to fame.

Recently, Paul has turned his versatile talents towards performing. He introduced his nightclub act with Liza Minnelli at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe and

then repeated it at the Riviera, where his billing stood higher than he did.

Critics and shower room vocalists alike can't seem to agree about Mr. Williams' singing talents. Many say that the quality of the songs he writes makes up for his voice. Known for his "schmaltzy, middle-of-the-road love songs," they write that he is too "cutesy" for his own good. Popular opinion has it (according to the sales figures) that Williams' mellow style mixed with sensitive, often melancholy lyrics, leaves an audience feeling that they've heard something good. The funniest critique asks, "Does tiny Paul Williams open his mouth when he sings, or are those slurred sounds made by Walter Brennan wearing a dust mop?"

Paul says, "I never really set out to become a singer, so whatever I sound like is just me doing my songs as honestly as possible. I never studied anybody else's style, so it's pretty strange." Laughingly he adds, "It's the result of dental work, done by a Denver bartender in 1959, rearranging my nasal . . ."

On "Phantom of the Paradise," Williams contends, "It is the first full-length, rock musical made exclusively for the big screen. 'Jesus Christ Superstar,' you may recall, began as a record, later became a play, then a movie; and 'Godspell' started out as a play. But 'Phantom' was written for the movies.

"The whole thing is about the Rock 'n' Roll business; sort of in a comic book take-off. I play the part of the evil guy who sells his soul to the Devil and opens this rock palace. My name is Swan (President and owner of Death Records.) It's really all about big business in music."

In a rock-horror nutshell, "Phantom" traces the tale of a meek, mild-mannered rock composer and his fateful encounter with an evil record tycoon who had sold his soul to the Devil.

Paul continued, "I was originally supposed to play sort of a composite of Mick Jagger and the Beatles. The songwriter is sent to jail on a trumped-up drug charge (arranged by Swan so that the magnate can steal the tragic character's music.) The composer turns maniacal in prison and breaks out. In tracking down the 'ripper' he charges into a record stamping plant and gets caught in a 45 RPM record press. From that time on, and forever after, the Phantom's face is marked by an impression of a '45'.

"I decided to play the heavy because

I didn't want the public to confuse the role and interpret my part as a charge that people were stealing my material.

"It's the first film where I've felt a responsibility to the role."

Besides acting, writing songs for himself and a host of others, and performing, Paul insisted on many changes in the script.

According to Williams' manager, Dennis Bond, the script went through "violent changes" between first script and final production. One of the battles Paul had with the director was the

birdbrains in fruit boots who find this claptrap amusing, but pollution experts are advised to head for the Trans-Lux East with a demolition squad. This is a job for the Dept. of Sanitation, pest control division." So much for Rex Reed.

Rolling Stone, admitting that although "Paul Williams is as cute as ever . . . there isn't one moment of sharp truth or genuine humor in this movie. it's garish, neon pop art that lumps all the current rock/horror/old movie clichés into one fat ball of wax that melts down to a mighty thin puddle."

Nearly everyone we've talked to has disagreed. The screening room was packed (on Halloween eve) and a lengthy standing ovation at the film's end made a quick exit impossible. Definitely go see it.

To the highbrow criticism, Williams remarks, "Really, it got solidly great reviews. I think there's a chance of leaning toward the negative sometimes. No one has mentioned any of the brilliant reviews to me; they only mention the bad ones. I describe it as comic book art. It's the first animated film I've done with real people.

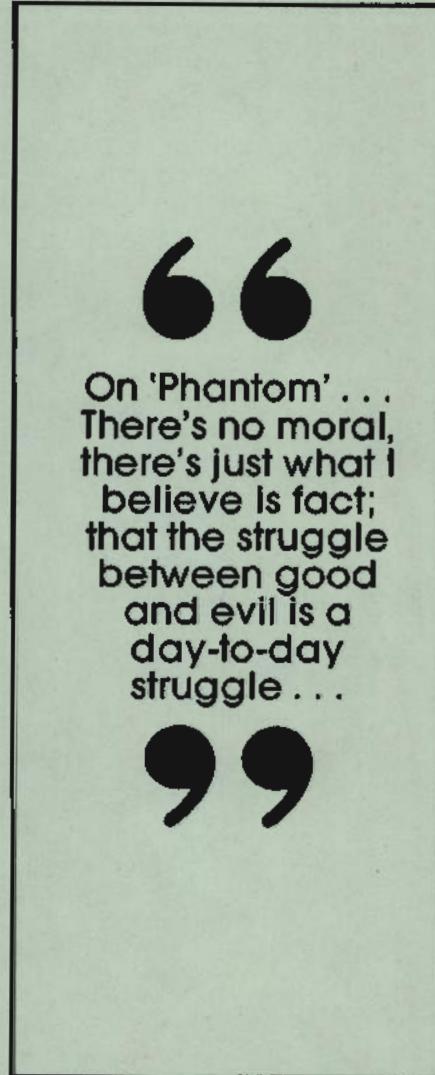
"'Phantom' was a long, long labor of love; more than just a fantasy."

Originally to be called "Phantom of the Fillmore," the title was changed to "Phantom of the Paradise" because, as Paul said, "Paradise is the opposite of what it really was."

Asked if the movie's stage murder was in keeping with the mock killing in live rock tours, Williams replied, "Yes. But more important is the impact television has on real events. For example, nobody can tell the difference between News and Combat reruns. There the characters actually died. In our film, the murder is 'committed' on stage. The audience is cheering as Beef is put into the ambulance. They don't know it was the 'real thing'.

"In the film, good triumphs over evil; but just barely. It's a kind of a draw. I mean both sides are dead. There's no moral, there's just what I believe is fact; that the struggle between good and evil is a day-to-day struggle that each of us goes through individually. We can be greatly influenced by the things around us, and it's up to us to choose for ourselves what is going to touch us and what isn't.

"Oddly enough, although the film is first of all a musical fantasy based on very old Faustian themes. I think that



scene in the shower (where the Phantom surprises Beef—a pseudo-fag-king-rock-star.) Paul wanted them to use a plunger, not a knife. Williams won, which suggests that he has another talent under his skin—that of scriptwriter.

Rex Reed, characteristically, wrote "... getting through 'Phantom' without Q-Tips will be one of the year's cinematic coups. There might be an audience of college kids and immature

the message it conveys — which may be one of the artist's responsibilities; projecting fantasy or reality — honestly applies to television more than any other medium, in the sense that on a day-to-day basis, we are mesmerized by the tube. My favorite line in the entire picture probably sums up my feelings about the film, the state of the media and the state of the entire environment.

"It happens when I set up the assassination of the girl that I'm supposed to be marrying onstage. Philbin (George Memmoli,) my sidekick who plays the priest in the wedding scene says, 'I can understand you wanting to have the girl hit, but why like this?' And I say, 'An assassination live, on coast-to-coast television? That's entertainment!'"

"Phantom of the Paradise" is writer-director Brian De Palma's third feature-length film. "Greetings," released in 1968, established him as an important director. At that time De Palma was only 28. The film won him the Silver Bear Award at the Berlin Film Festival. He followed "Greetings" with "Hi Mom," "Dionysus in '69," "Get to Know Your Rabbit" and then "Sisters."

There are no really warm human relationships in any of Brian De Palma's movies. The closest he has come is in "Get To Know Your Rabbit." The comic premise of that movie is that a magician should have a very close relationship with his rabbit. De Palma probably believes that such a relationship is superior to those with people, for in De Palma movies, human relationships come down to manipulating or being manipulated. This view of the world may be limited, but it fits the material he is handling in "Phantom." He does have a knack for horror show humor, for finding humor in abuse and mutilation. Even in his political period, the funniest sequence in a rather weak movie, "Hi, Mom," was a satire of abuse. Masochistic white liberals go see a play where they are reviled and beaten up by blacks. This makes the liberals happy. Emerging disheveled from the "performance," they feel that they have had a culturally uplifting evening.

Paul Williams insists that he's a hobbit incarnate — so his record company publicists agree. Recently, however, the minuscule blonde changed his Mercedes' license plate from HOBBIT to HOBS-1. Hobs in England, he points out, is a term for the Devil, hence, hob-

goblins. This is a token association with his role of Swan of Death Records.

Considering the lyrics he writes and the associations he keeps, we feel that HOBBIT is an appropriate definition.

J. R. R. Tolkien, the founder of the breed, writes: "I suppose hobbits need some description nowadays, since they have become rare and shy of the ('Big People,') as they call us. They are (or were) a little people, about half our height, and smaller than the bearded dwarfs. Hobbits have no beards. There is little or no magic about them, except



the ordinary everyday sort which helps them to disappear quietly and quickly when large stupid folk like you and me come blundering along, making a noise like elephants which they can hear a mile off. They are inclined to be fat in the stomach (Williams recently dropped 42 pounds); they dress in bright colors (chiefly green and yellow); wear no shoes, because their feet grow natural leathery soles and thick warm brown hair like the stuff on their heads (which

is curly); have long clever brown fingers, good-natured faces, and laugh deep fruity laughs, especially after dinner, which they have twice a day when they can get it."

With his Hobbitron Enterprises, including Hobsong Music, Inc. and Hobbitron Productions, Williams feels at home among the breed.

Williams' greatest known talent, that of lyricist, is one which leaves us in the greatest awe. In "The Family of Man" from his *A Little Bit Of Love* (A&M Records,) Paul sings, "Gonna keep you dancin' laughin' and a-dancin' like it's Louisiana Rock and Roll." He beckons: "Trade your troubles for sweet dreams," in *Sleep Warm* (A&M Records), and cries, "The only thing that's worse than getting up for work is being unemployed," in *Sunday* (A&M Records).

The songwriter explained, "I think it's sometimes easier to write fantasies than it is to write about reality. I can probably write about a perfect love affair when I'm alone and write about loneliness when I'm happily bedded down with somebody sweet who I can really relate to. Sometimes our fantasies are a lot clearer to us than our realities.

"If any of the songs I write have a moral, it's probably the title song of my latest album, 'There's A Little Bit Of Love.' There's also a little bit of philosophy rolled up in the line 'Every act of kindness is a little bit of love we leave behind.'

"'Loneliness' is a song that's about a negative — the power of our loneliness. But there's a positive side to it; the fact that they can overcome that loneliness within the relationship.

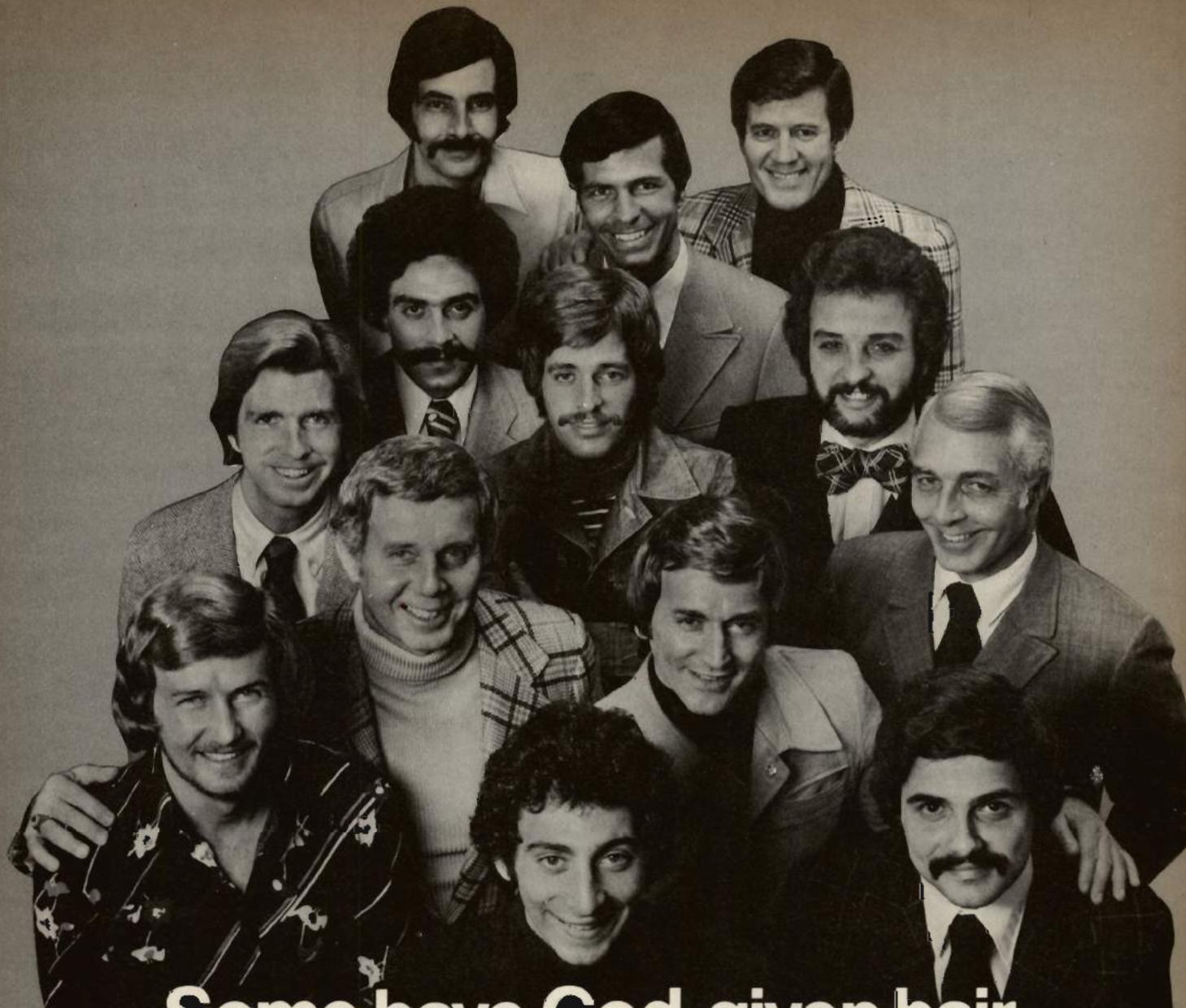
"Sunday," Paul smiles, "is one day that I don't get enough of. I don't get enough chance to stay in bed and watch football."

Does he like to watch the Sunday games on television?

"Oh, yes. But I'll work all day Sunday and have rehearsal all day Monday, so I won't get to see the games. But maybe next year. What am I saying? I hope that I have as much trouble seeing them next year as I have this year and the last couple of years.

"Basically," Paul agrees, "my music is very schmaltzy and MOR (middle-of-the-road in music industry jargon), but it sells millions and millions of copies. If people can relate to it, great. If they can't, I never attempt to communicate

continued on page 96



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KINKY KORNER

continued from page 79

So I let it be. But for some reason I couldn't stop dating her.

Then one Sunday afternoon we went down onto this sandbar by the river. We went to a secluded spot, with no one else around for miles. Vicki wore a bikini that really showed off the fantastic shape of her body. There was a wide box between her thighs, and I knew it would feel wonderful to fuck her.

I took her up into the bushes where we had our blanket. Then I removed her top and fondled her breasts. She was breathing hard, and her hips were wiggling up and down. When her legs started spreading a little, I moved my hand between them and started rubbing her cunt some more. Finally she said, "Okay!"

I took off her bottom and just stared

at her pussy for a few moments. There was something special about that particular pussy, although I wasn't sure what. Then I penetrated her with my fingers, gradually opening her up.

When I took off my trunks, her eyes opened wide. "You won't hurt me with that, will you?" she asked.

I promised I'd be gentle. And I was, too. For some reason I really didn't want to hurt her. I spread her legs very wide and slowly lowered myself on her. I let my cock go up inside her very slowly, bit by bit. Every now and then she'd tense up, but I'd help her to relax. I never hurried it or forced it.

Finally I was inside her! I'd finally gotten inside Vicki's pussy, and it felt fantastic! We fucked out there in the woods near the river, and it was great. I was beginning to see why she talked about stuff like crickets, trees, stars and the moon.

I started dating Vicki every night and

fucking her every night. Something just clicked between us. It wasn't just sex, either, because we liked each other even when we weren't fucking.

Finally I asked her if she'd mind being married to a big dick like mine, and she said she'd love it. So we got married the next fall. Vicki helped me remember that I could be somebody important, and I got a good job with a local insurance company. Vicki worked in the same office as a secretary. We're very happy and I just want to make sure she gets what she wants out of life.

Sometimes I see other women I'd like to fuck, but I remember that I never was very happy when I was fucking anybody and everybody. I always thought I'd be the last person who'd ever want to settle down, but for some reason I'm completely happy just being with Vicki. She likes to fuck me and she likes my big dick. What more could I ask for? 

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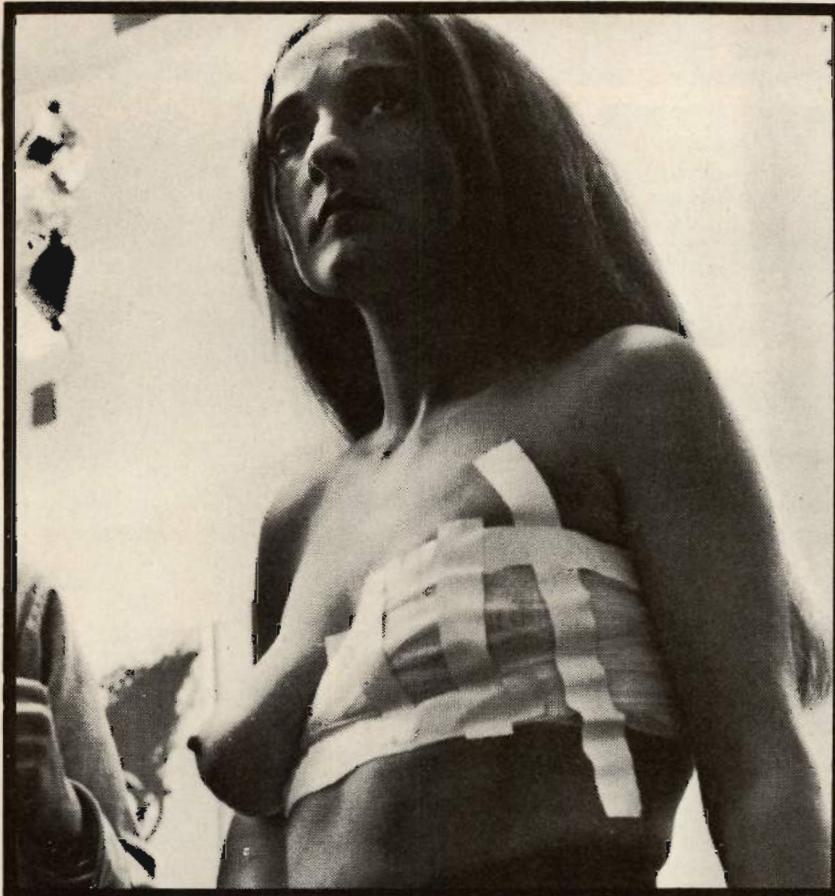
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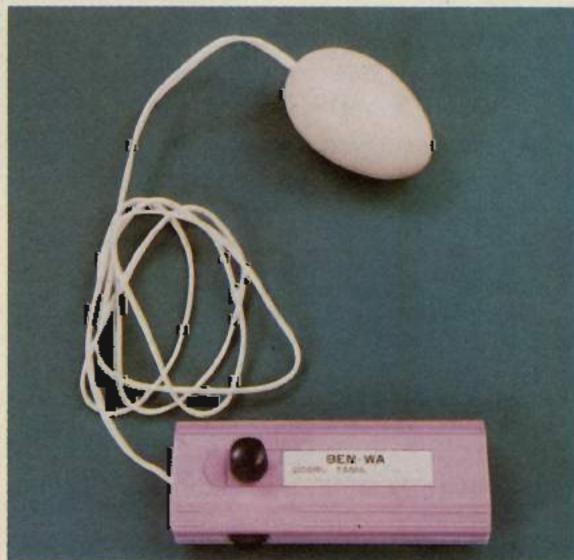


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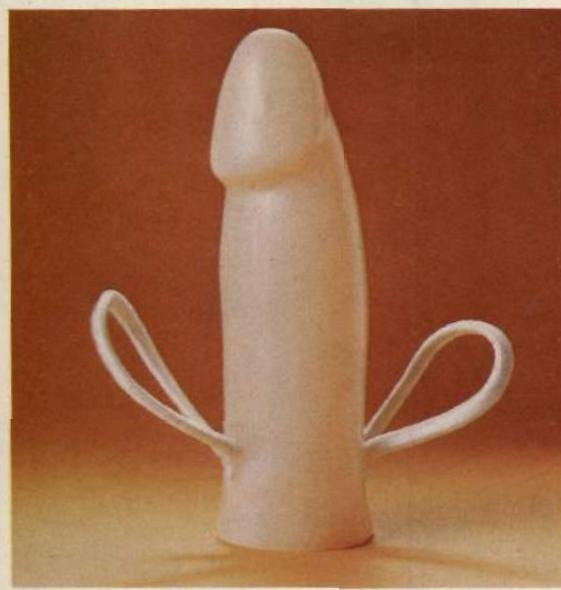
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FINAL EXAM

continued from page 48

have both good and bad news for you. The Foundation has decided to allocate — excuse me, spend — the additional funds necessary so that Dr. Parkins and his robomedical team can make the requested sacro-lumbar and other neural adjustments in you. That's the good news. However, our funds are not limitless. We cannot go ahead with the second part of the program until we see how the first part works. In other words, if Dr. Parkins and his associates here are successful with you, the Foundation will then consider appropriating — excuse me again, gentlemen — will then consider spending more money to provide you with a similarly equipped companion. So that is our decision."

Victor had understood only tantalizing portions of the explanation, but of the men in the room Dr. Parkins alone fully

realized the extent of his bewilderment. He could always tell when Victor was confused or frustrated. His No. 2 digits would tremble. They were trembling now.

"To put it simply, Victor," he said. "We're going to give you those feelings we've talked to you about. At least we're going to try."

"The sexual feelings?"

"Yes. If we can."

Victor scanned the faces around the table. They were all looking at him with their customary professional curiosity, but only Dr. Parkins seemed to be seeing him, actually seeing him as an animate organism instead of a manufactured object.

THE PHILOSOPHER

They owe you life and a box of matches, and they want to pay you a box of matches, because they don't want to owe you a box of matches.

PORCHIA

"Will . . ." He paused.

"Go ahead," said the doctor. "Ask. What question do you have?"

"Will I be disassembled?"

Dr. Parkins patted the air downward in a reassuring bounce of his hand. "Only partially. The spinal, cranial and groin areas. Absolutely nothing to worry about. Reassembly will be perfect, I assure you. And remember, if this works we'll then build a companion for you. A female."

"Assuming," Mr. Atwell added dryly, "we have enough money left."

It took eight working days. On the morning of the ninth day all wires were removed, the openings were sealed and refinished and the miniaturized power units reactivated—one sewn under each arm, with the spare tucked away beneath his right thumb-digit nail. When everything had been completed, Dr. Parkins pushed the button of the master computer, and instantaneously Victor stirred, delivered himself of a massive tremor and sat up on the assembly table.



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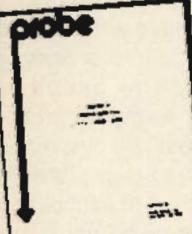
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"How long has it been?" he asked first.

"Not long," said Dr. Nordlinger, who was nearest him. "How do you feel?"

"The same as ever. Was it successful?" His orbs sought out his maker and friend, the only human he trusted fully.

"Here I am, Victor," said Dr. Parkins, stepping across the room from the bank of controls. He touched Victor's arm. "The circuits seem to be working well and there's no problem."

In truth there had been plenty of problems, for the project required not merely dismantling and meticulous re-assembly but the awesomely more complicated task of force-feeding into Victor's memory-tapes in just a few days the erotic impressions and accumulated psychosexual effluvia of a lifetime.

"Let's not prolong the suspense," the doctor said. "Hold up the first card, will you, Stan?"

Dr. Nordlinger displayed a foot-square sheet of heavy cardboard. Mounted on it was a color photo of a nude female. "Well, Victor, what do you think about this?"

The two robophysicians waited tensely. At the instrument controls, the other technicians and assistants sat like mute breathless statues, watching.

"Nice," Victor murmured, his orbs widening.

Dr. Nordlinger let out a long sigh. "I think we're home, Frank. There's a definite penile response, too."

"Let's not break out the champagne just yet," Dr. Parkins tried, and failed to keep the exultation out of his voice. "We'd better run him through the other tests."

Twenty minutes later Victor stomped blissfully down one Institute corridor after another, riveted in the belief that he had at least become like all adult human males. He'd sailed with spectacular ease through a battery of stimulatory exams designed to gauge his reaction to different forms of erotica, and from the muted but still evident enthusiasm of the doctors he knew that the project had been as successful as they had hoped for. And now he could look forward to the second part...

"Well, here's Lover Boy himself."

He halted his stroll and looked up. Miss Schumann was seated at her desk, smirking at him with that familiar bittersweet mockery.

"Hello, Miss Schumann. It is nice to see you again."

She looked much different. Her hair had been carefully and becomingly

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coiffed, her makeup for once was flattering, and for the first time since he had known her she had discarded her stiff, shapeless secretary's uniform for a pretty sweater and skirt. Clenching his digits, he eyed the two shapely bulges in her sweater.

"Why, Victor, what on earth are you staring at?" she asked coquettishly. With deliberate stealth she pushed the audio button on her desk that would allow the doctors, waiting in a nearby observation chamber, to hear the conversation.

"You are very appealing today," Victor said.

Her grin broadened. "You're looking at my breasts, aren't you?"

Victor shuffled his pedal extremities, embarrassed.

"They're lovely, Victor," Miss Schumann went on in an insinuating and seductive tone. "You have no idea how lovely they look when I'm — nude."

He trembled, and his orbs remained fixed upon the same area of her sweater, adhered as if by an invisible magnet.

"You'd like to see me nude, wouldn't you?" she purred, lowering her voice a little as they had instructed.

Shuffling, he was silent.

"Wouldn't you?" she persisted.

Uncomfortably, and yet with a subtle hint of determination, Victor raised his orbs to look at her face. "Yes."

"Good. I want you to. I've always had a yen for you. Why don't we go into Dr. Nordlinger's office and lock the door? There's a bed in there."

"But won't he—"

"He's gone for the day. And I'm all caught up with my work, so we'll have plenty of time to — have fun."

Victor's trembling became more pronounced. "Shall we go now?"

"You go ahead. I'll be along in a few minutes." When he was gone she waited a minute or two, then tiptoed down the hall and entered the observation chamber. The two doctors and half a dozen lesser technicians were there, clustered in front of the one-way window that permitted undetected viewing into the next room. She took a quick nervous glance through the treated glass and saw Victor. He was pacing back and forth like a caged, hungry animal.

"Well done, Miss Schumann," said Dr. Parkins. "From what we could hear, his responses seemed perfect. Now we're all anxious to see him in action."

"I still wish I didn't have to take everything off when I go in," she said. "With you men watching."

"The interests of science, Miss Schu-

mann. Just think of the tremendous robotic significance this will have."

"And we do have to make the ultimate test," Dr. Nordlinger added in the smooth and unctuous tones he usually reserved for committee meetings. "How else can we know for sure?"

"You won't necessarily have to allow full completion of the sex act," Dr. Parkins said. "Just enough so that we can see he's not only responsive to a human female but also physically capable of performing."

She hesitated. "If he is able to, will he have a — a climax with an ejaculation?"

"A simulated orgasm. However, there won't be any liquid emission. Now, I suggest you get started."

She entered the room smiling. Victor

immediately drew her close and began kissing her with surprising ease and assurance. After a moment she broke away and said: "Why don't you take off your things, dear?"

"My things?"

"Your clothes."

He disrobed. She looked at his body with interest. It was well-proportioned, slender without being thin, muscular without having the grotesque bulges of a weight-lifter. He had an enormous erection.

"Touch it," he said hoarsely.

She put her hand on his penis, which felt smooth and hard, and as she stroked it he moaned in pleasure. He moved her to the bed and carefully undressed her. Breathing hard, he caressed her breasts, thighs, vagina, con-



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tinuing his foreplay for several minutes. Then, expertly, instinctively, as if he had done it a thousand times before, he started making love to her, pumping with steady rhythm. Miss Schumann moved in unison beneath him, too self-conscious about being watched to respond. But Victor was not aware of that; he was conscious only of his own new-found sensations. He increased his tempo, driving against her soft body with a feverish intensity. Finally, with a loud groan and a shudder, he climaxed.

She dressed, went out into the hall, closing the door behind her, and rejoined the men in the observation room. They crowded around her, happily pecking her cheek and slapping her on the back.

"Beautiful work, Miss Schumann," Dr. Nordlinger said, punctuating his praise

with a hug. "You're going to get an extra fifty credits in your pay slip this week."

"You deserve it," Dr. Parkins added. "Without your cooperation we wouldn't have been able to witness this event—"

"This spectacular, historic event," one of the technicians broke in to say.

"The first instance ever recorded of sexual intercourse between a robot and a human female," Dr. Nordlinger said.

Dr. Parkins patted her shoulder. "I appreciate your staying with him to the end, too. He actually had a climax, didn't he?"

"He certainly seemed to," Miss Schumann said. She glanced into the other room through the one-way glass. Victor was on his back in bed, idly playing with his now-limp organ as he stared glassy-eyed at the ceiling.

"I think we can finally say that our efforts have been successful," Dr. Parkins said. "In my opinion, we've accomplished one of the greatest scientific—" Suddenly he stopped, looking through the window as a young man from the Institute's janitorial staff walked into the next room with a mop and bucket. "Now what the hell?"

"Did you authorize Maintenance to go in there today, Miss Schumann?" Dr. Nordlinger asked.

"I told them not to send anyone today, sir. This isn't my fault."

They watched in annoyed silence for a moment as the young maintenance man, who had a delicate, rose-pink complexion like a girl's, put down his utensils and began chatting animatedly with Victor.

"I've never seen him before," a technician said. "He must be new here."

"A gay if I ever saw one," Dr. Nordlinger muttered. "I thought Personnel didn't hire people like that."

"We have no rules against it," the same technician said.

The janitor was smiling at Victor now. He sidled closer and touched Victor's arm.

"Shall I switch on the audio?" another technician asked. "Anybody want to listen to this?"

"No," Dr. Parkins said.

"Well, for God's sake," Dr. Nordlinger said. "For God's sake. Are we just going to stand here gaping and do nothing? Somebody go in there and tell that God damn fairy to get out right away."

"No," Dr. Parkins said grimly.

"But he's interfering with the whole pattern of—"

"Shut up," Dr. Parkins said.

They looked on in silence as the young janitor swiftly doffed his uniform and joined Victor on the bed. Victor caressed his face, thighs, groin. Then, expertly, instinctively, as if he had done it a thousand times before, he started making love to the young man, and soon the two were engaged in an exotic arabesque of passion. For a long time no one in the observation chamber moved or even spoke, and then Dr. Parkins stirred. He was very pale, and his hands were twitching.

"If you're so damned anxious to do something," he said angrily to Dr. Nordlinger, "you can call Atwell."

"What for?"

"And tell him we won't need the rest of that money," he said.

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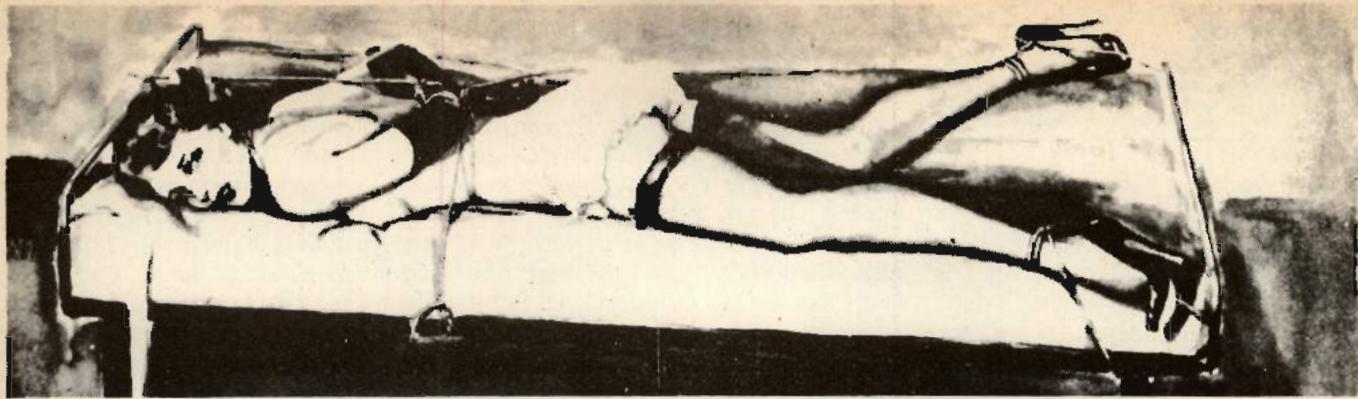
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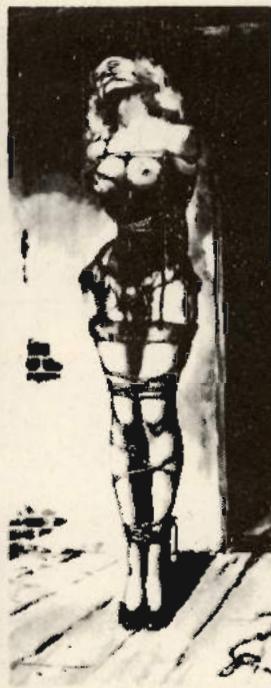
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PAUL WILLIAMS

continued from page 84

with the so-called 'hip' community because I don't believe there is such a thing. I think when you start existing on someone else's ideas of what is hip, you cease to be hip yourself. I don't attempt to communicate with the rock community, the MOR community or any other clique. I just try to write the truth. And those that get off on it, I'm very happy they do; and if they don't, then they just don't."

Though his music is categorized by the industry as MOR, Paul Williams uses only the most exciting musicians to back him. He prefers hard-rockers and pulls them back, getting that certain tension that makes music a "happening."

"The thing that's hard for me to relate to," Williams informed us, "is the names given to music, like MOR. I can't really relate to that. I know what I do. I leave it for somebody else to give it a name. It's a complete accident. I never planned to make a living at writing

songs. I did it because it was either become a songwriter or become a sniper. I write my music and other people can decide what it is. If they can relate to it, great! All I know is, it keeps me alive—and I'm not talking about making a living; I'm talking about me."

"Of course," he adds quickly, "it's nice to have hits. I can live better; ride first class instead of hitchhiking. But if I have to hitchhike, I'll do that, too."

Fortunately, the "munchkin in Marilyn Monroe wig" will probably never have to hitchhike again. Paul finds, "my business holdings are increasing at a very nice rate. My interest is ever increasing in film and publishing, and several other aspects of the business. I have a production company now. I have a couple of them. One is called Loophole Productions, with Bill Bixby."

Asked if he invested in "Phantom," Williams shirked, "No, I never spend my own money in areas like that. Part of my deal was a certain number of points. I'm a partial owner, but I did not invest my own money. I invest in hotels, real estate, office buildings, that sort of thing."

Sounds wise to us, especially in

these times of rhetorical depression. The Father of Rock 'n' Roll, Chuck Berry, agrees. He says the reason they call it real estate is because it's real: you can see it, touch it, and if your tastes are earthy, even eat it.

"I have enough trouble at airports as it is. I just hate to get mobbed by those big beautiful, lovely ladies. God bless them. They'll stay close to me forever."

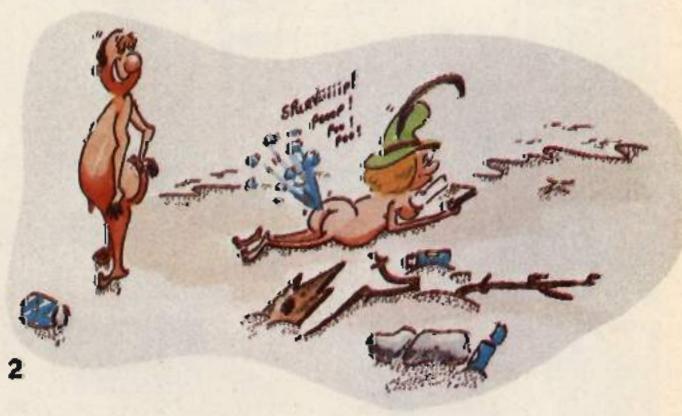
But, Paul Williams, it seems to us that you wear so many different hats. On the stage in Las Vegas, you come on so earnest and so "straight," when, in reality, you're probably one of the biggest "freaks" that ever hit the radio waves. Aren't you putting everyone on?

"Am I putting them on?" the delighted cherub asks. "That's going to be our secret, isn't it? I think you understand something right at this moment that I've never gotten into in a conversation with any columnist. But I think you understand something. I'll leave it up to you!"

When asked if he's been surveyed by Foxy Lady, Paul Williams swore he wasn't planning any nude centerfolds. We wonder if they have a spare half-page. 



1



2



3



4

FUN-LOVING

PICK YOUR TYPE

ARTISTIC



DYNAMITE



SEXY



INTELLECTUAL



WARM



HOW TO MEET AND DATE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You've seen ordinary guys who always seem to have sensational chicks to date. Have you ever wondered how the "other guy" manages to compile an up-to-date address book with an endless variety of live numbers to choose from? Well, it's no secret anymore. Starting now you can have all the action you could want. In fact, using the techniques in this book you'll soon have more girls than you could possibly have time for, and I'm not talking about average girls.

PICTURE YOURSELF DATING SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST DESIRABLE WOMEN

The kind of women I'm talking about are young, sexy and devastatingly attractive. Whatever types you like, this book has proven techniques for meeting and dating them, including the girls who wouldn't even look at you before. Warm, sensual, passionate brunettes, blonds with long legs, firm breasts and pretty faces and free spirited fun-loving redheads are just a sample of the kinds of girls you can get when you know how.

MEET MORE GORGEOUS LADIES IN A FEW WEEKS THAN MOST MEN DO IN THEIR WHOLE LIVES

Every detail you need to know is in this book. At last--No more aimless wandering. You'll learn the best places to meet every type of girl whether you're in another country or your home town. I'll even tell you how to find places where girls will expect you to make love to them the same night you meet them and will make the advances if you don't. You'll get the best possible instructions on picking up girls, but I'll also show you how to meet sensational women without sticking your neck out trying to pick them up. In fact, I'm even going to show you how to get girls to pick you up. It's so simple you'll wonder why you didn't think of it yourself. With these techniques even the shyest man can meet beautiful women.

A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL LEARN

• A simple rule that will triple the dates you get. • Techniques that make picking up girls so easy anyone can do it. • How to send

subtle messages to a girl you've just met that let her know you are a dynamite lover. • How to arrange to be introduced to exactly the right type of girl. • How to radiate the kind of male magnetism women find irresistible. • How an average Joe can get dates with exceptionally desirable women. • How to make a girl believe you are exactly the type of man she wants in her life. • How to pick up sensational ladies without even trying. • How to instantly draw romantic interest from girls you've never met before. • How to convince "hard to get" girls to date you. • How men who aren't good looking can become more sexually attractive than most handsome men will ever be. • How to get pretty girls to take the initiative to try to meet you.

Just imagine how exciting your life will be once it's full of soft, warm, loving women. The key to meeting and dating beautiful women is as close as your mail box and costs less than what you would spend for one date with a plain Jane. So act today and start enjoying the company of the types of girls you really want.

If you are a male with a strong desire to make out with the kind of beautiful women you see pictured on this page then this is the book for you. "How to Score with Girls" is not just a storehouse of important facts and information but a complete and totally involved lesson-plan that outlines each step independently from the moment you first see her until she is eagerly satisfying your every desire.

SUREFIRE STRATEGY SECRETS THAT GUARANTEE YOU WILL SCORE

You don't have to be rich or good looking to score with gorgeous girls when you know exactly how to handle them and make all the right moves. This book will teach you to deliver a totally successful proposition...an offer she has to accept. Whether you are interested in a casual affair or a more permanent and meaningful relationship you will achieve remarkably positive results. Now you can learn how to totally capture the affections of any woman, and once you have her you'll know how to keep her on your terms and for as long as you want.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

I want you to read these books entirely at my risk. You may examine either or both books for a full 30 days. If you don't find them to be everything that was promised and more, if they don't bring a miraculous change to your love life or if for any reason what so ever you're not 100% satisfied you may return either or both for a full refund (\$7.95 or \$15.00). I guarantee once you apply my techniques you will have more beautiful, sexy women than you ever imagined possible.

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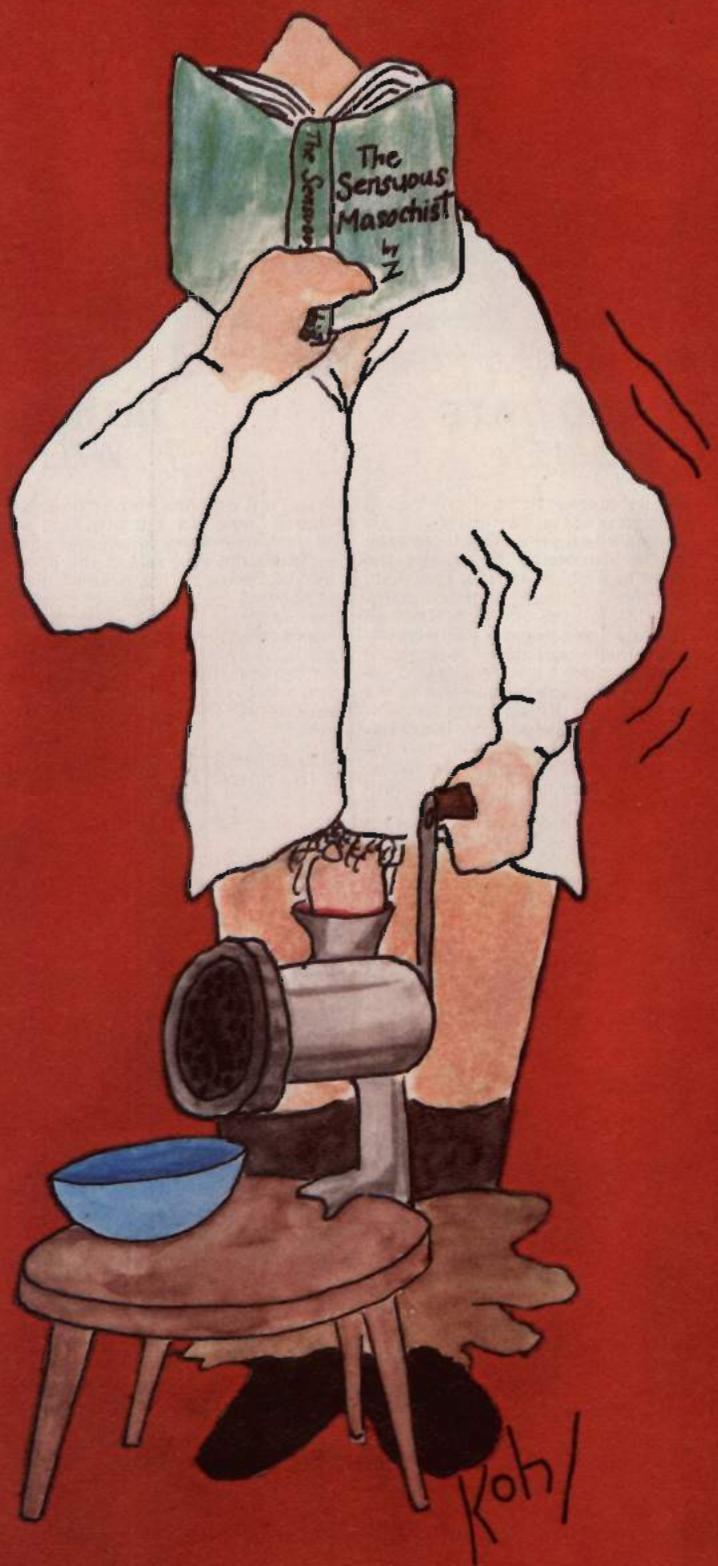
HOW TO SCORE WITH GIRLS

NOW YOU CAN GET THE SEXY YOUNG GIRLS YOU'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO DREAM ABOUT BEFORE

Today, right now, there are thousands of hungry, sensual women waiting for the "right man". Each is searching for that special man who can make her feel like a real woman. These luscious girls will be shockingly receptive to your advances when you use my methods. I'll show you how to find these girls, and when you find one you will be the trigger that unleashes her passions. You'll learn how to make your first impression spark her interest and then rapidly move her through progressive stages of commitment with a system that flows so naturally and smoothly she'll be hopelessly under your spell in a few short hours.

JUST A PART OF THE AMAZING KNOWLEDGE YOU CAN GAIN FROM THIS BOOK

• How to turn the female's relentless trait of curiosity into a weapon that drives her to you like a super-charged leopard. • What women look for most in a man. • How to be so great on dates women will want to be with you again and again. • Seduction techniques that warm up even the coldest girl and make her beg for more. • Foolproof conversation techniques that make talking to any girl easy and remove forever the problem of not knowing what to say. • How even shy insecure man can handle women with dynamite confidence. • The single most important secret for scoring with any type of girl. • How to be so sexy, gorgeous chicks will be dying to get into bed with you. • How to have control from the first contact until you decide to end it. • Methods of persuading girls to do whatever you want them to. • How to read those "special female signals" that tell you when to take her. • How to avoid the common mistakes that almost all men make. • How to overcome your basic fears of rejection and turn them into such positive vibrations you'll score with one girl after another. • How understanding the female mind can make her putty in your hands.



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H8—ZODIACS
SPECIFY SIGN



A2



A6



E4



E7



F2

AAAABCCCD
DDEEEFFGG
GHHIIIIJKK
LLLMMNNNN
OOOPPPRR
RRSSSTTU
VVWWXYZ

P7



F3



G8



G9



H6



H9



J5



J6



J8



K1



K5



K6



K7

CHOOSE ANY 2 NUMBERS



P6 9 INCHES HIGH



S1



S3

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S4



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T8



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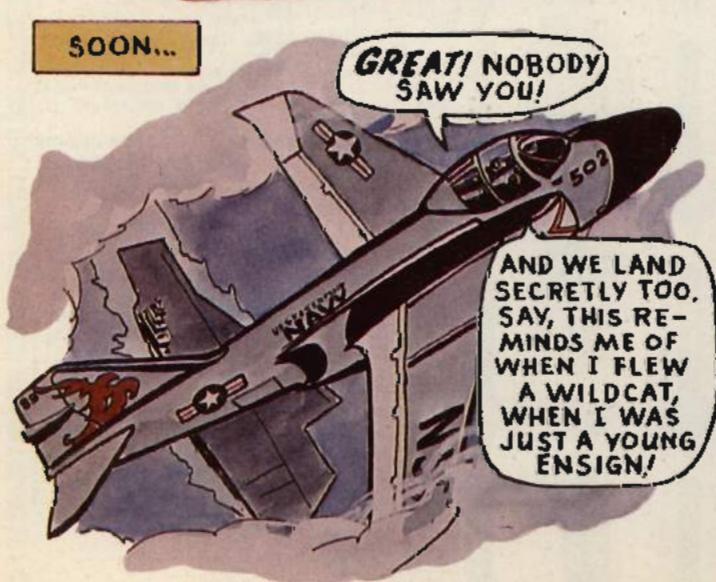
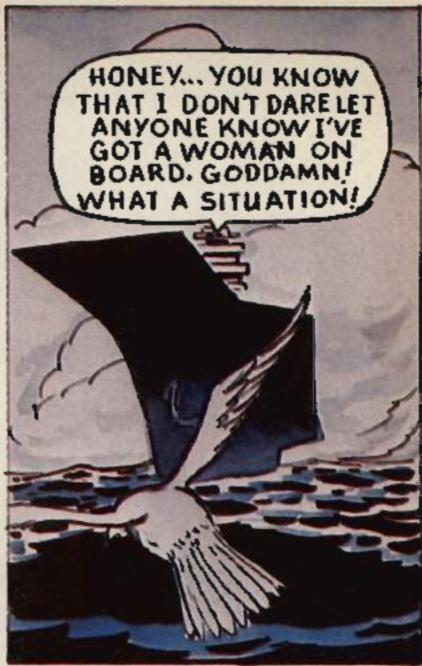


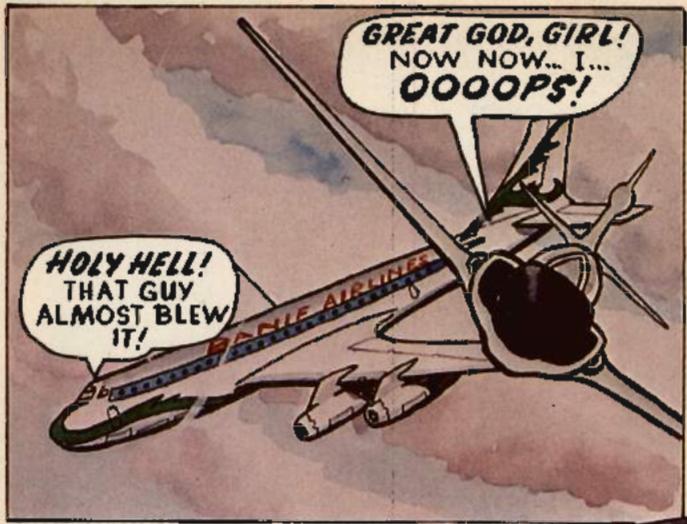
V4

OTHER COUNTRIES
V5 Afro X1 Ireland
V6 Canada X2 Israel
V7 England X3 Poland
V8 France X4 U.S.A.
V9 Germany



W8





FALLING WITHOUT A CHUTE,
HONEY MAKES AN INSTINCTIVE
GRAB...

ARGH!

HONEY!
LEGO! LEGO!
FOR PETE'S
SAKE, LEGO!

SURE.
AS SOON
AS WE
GET DOWN!

HEY! THIS
LOOKS LIKE THE
ROOF OF MY
HOUSE!
WE'RE HOME!

HURRY!

WE'VE ALMOST
PULLED IT
OFF!

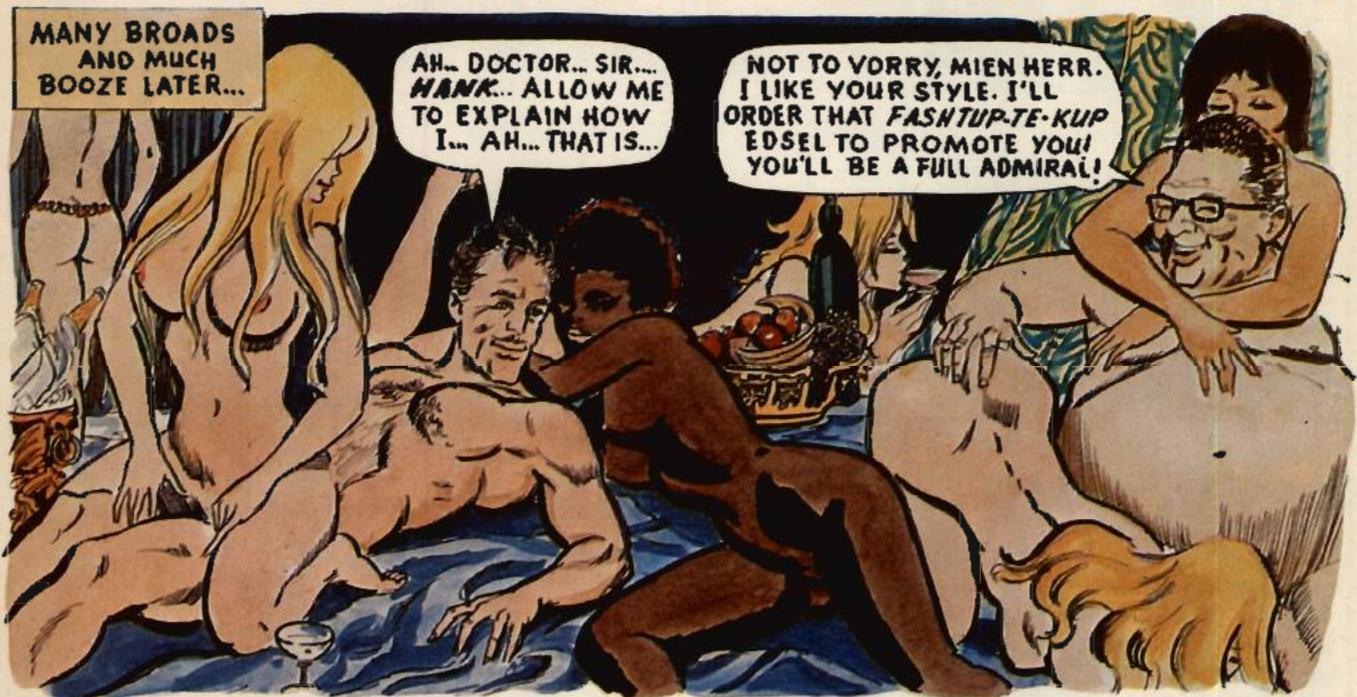
O.K.! O.K!
KEEP YOUR
PANTS ON!
HERE I
GO...

IN A PILE OF SOOT, HONEY
AND THE ADMIRAL LAND IN
HONEY'S LIVING ROOM,
TO DISCOVER...

GOD!

YOU!
HERE?

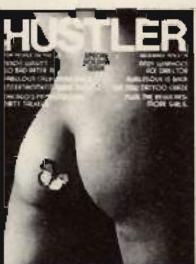
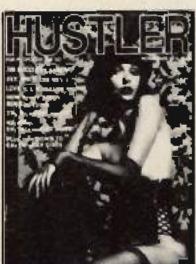
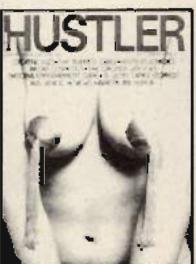
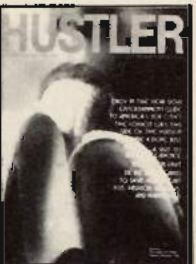
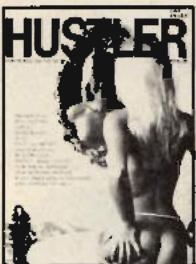
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PREVIEW

JULY PREVIEW

Join with HUSTLER next month for our gala ONE YEAR Anniversary Celebration Issue. You'll get more of HUSTLER in so many big beautiful ways.

SEE—Our dynamic deluxe LIFE-SIZED CENTERFOLD. The biggest and most incredible pictorial feature ever to roll off the presses.

SEE—A review of HUSTLER's most beautiful women of Year 1.

SEE—A super-spread on the HUSTLER Honey of the Year.

PLUS another Adolescent Fantasy, and much much more!

July Editorial Features are Extra Dynamite, too!

A CANDID CONVERSATION WITH LARRY C. FLYNT—Editor and Publisher of HUSTLER and the man behind the girls and features you read each month.

PROFILE ON BERNIE CORNFELD—A true Hustler whose extravagant Jet Set life-style, penchant for luscious women and King Midas touch have made him his own man worldwide—by Frank Thistle.

"GINNY AND SNOW"—The adventures of a young boy on his first time around—by Norman Thaddeus Vane.

"MILE HIGH CLUB"—Flying and sex DO mix especially if someone else is minding the plane—by Wendy Greenfield.

PLUS: HUSTLER's New Features including our own ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX AND MONEY, by well-known writer-astrologer Skip Flickling, and an "X-Rated Book Review" covering the filthiest in fuck-fiction.

Naturally, we've got the Best of the Old, with quips of SEXBITS, an expanded ADVISE AND CONSENT, the reliable PORN REVIEW, and more BITS & PIECES designed to inform and stretch the imagination. Don't miss July's bondage and discipline testament in KINKY KORNER, either; Travel 'Through the Back Door' in SEX PLAY, and dig on HONEY. With all that, July is going to be the best issue Ever. Don't miss it!

PREVIEW



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